





Ella Scoble Osberman



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FLASTACOWO



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FLASTACOWO

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWELVE

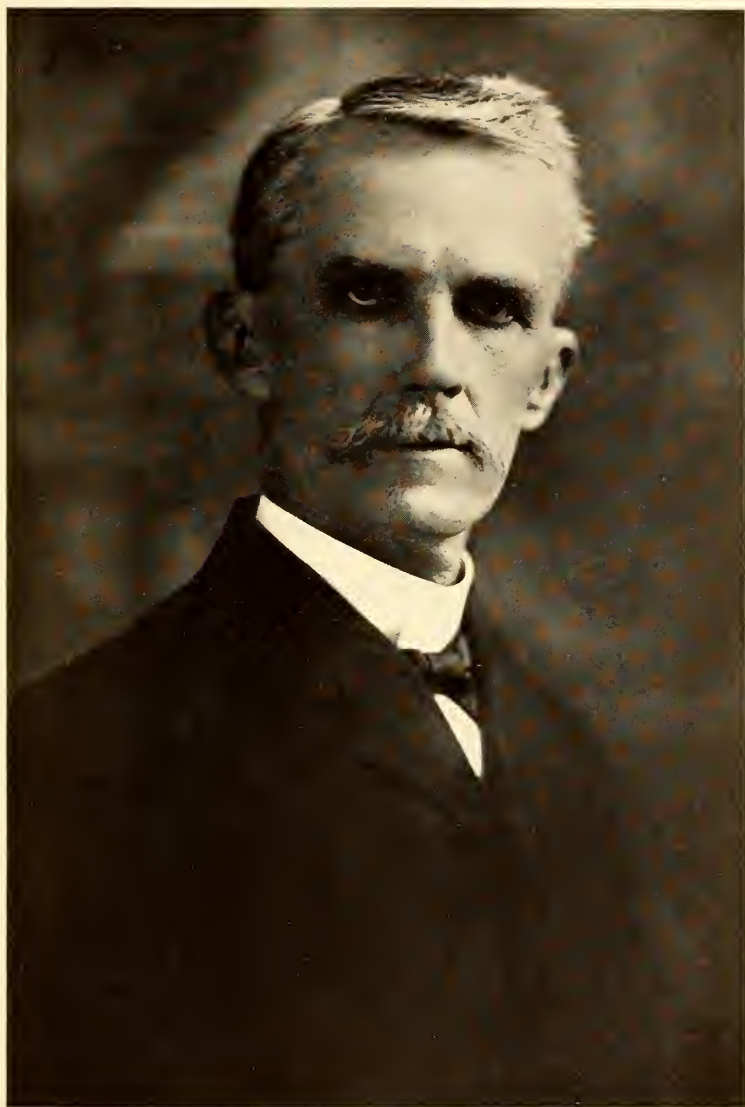
— VOLUME III. —

PUBLISHED BY THE
SENIOR CLASS
OF THE
FLORIDA STATE COLLEGE
FOR WOMEN

TALLAHASSEE, FLORIDA

Dedicated

To him who has so faithfully
given his services in the
interest of our
College,
Hon. P. A. Yonge



HON. P. K. YONGE, A. M.

Foreword

We will dispense with the usual wishy-washy, namby-pamby expressions ordinarily condensed into a paragraph known as "Greeting," and say plainly that this volume is the outcome of earnest, brain-wearying toil; that it has been the death of our creative instincts, and the destroyer of our artistic possibilities, so peruse and commend, or if that is impossible, scan and forget.

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Cuts and Grinds
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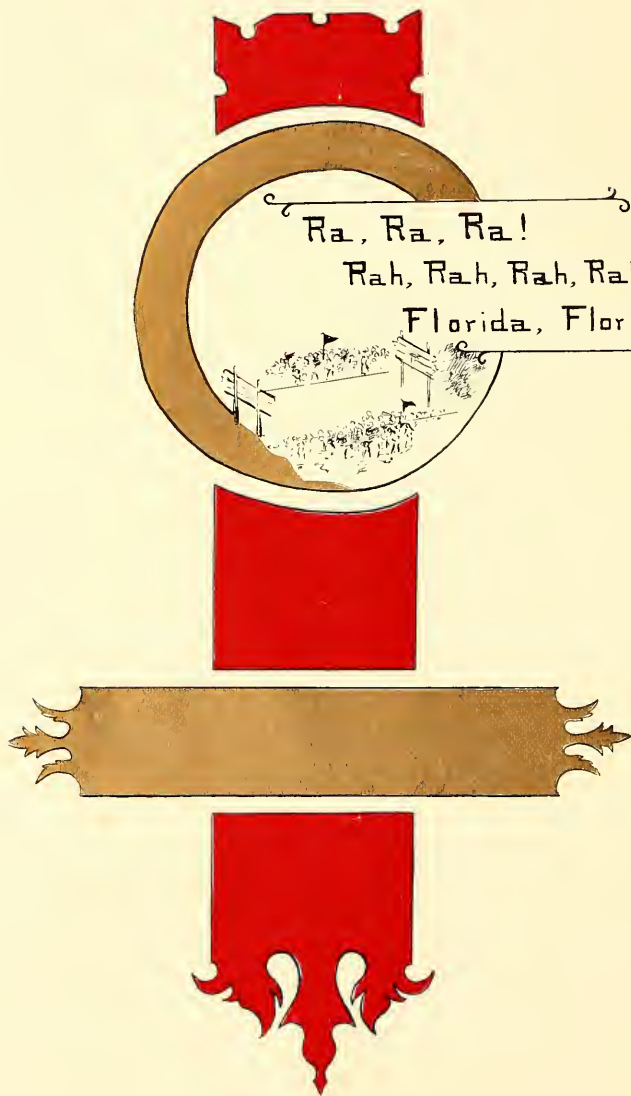
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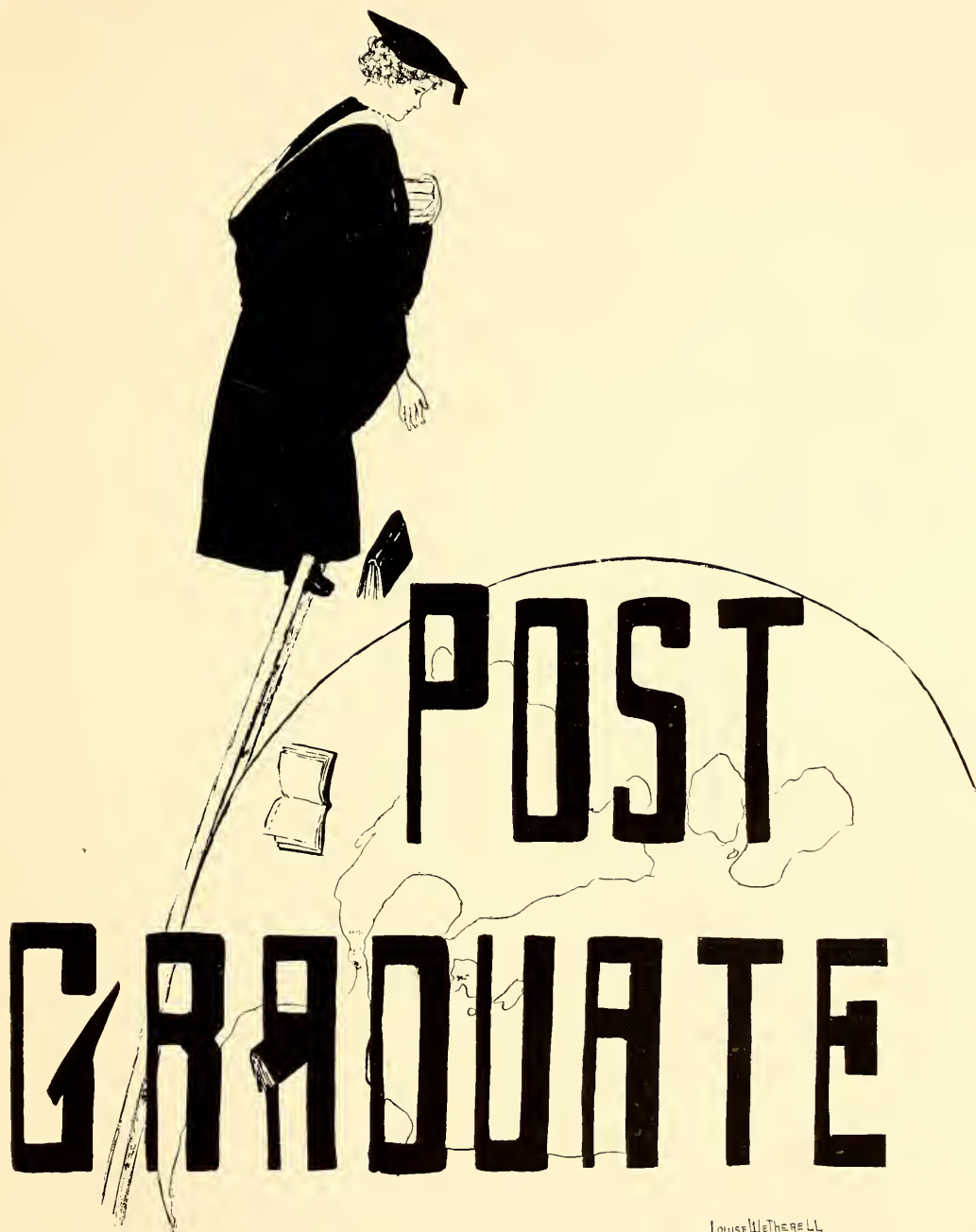
Assistant to the Treasurer.



Ra, Ra, Ra!

Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah!

Florida, Florida, Florida!



Louise Weatherall



EFFIE PETTIT, M. S.

Alma Mater

(With apologies to Byron)

Alma Mater, ere we part,
Let me speak from my full heart.
May I now thy praises sing,
And to thee, future tribute bring.
Hear me now before I go,

Ζωή μου, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ.

By thy wisdom unconfined,
And thy guidance, gentle, kind;
By the precepts thou hast taught,
And the blessings thou hast wrought;
By the fondness thou dost show,

Ζωή μου, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ.

By the friendships welded fast,
Which through life and death shall last;
By all that gold and garnet tell,
What words can never speak so well;
Through life's alternate joy and woe,

Ζωή μου, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ.

Vires, artes, mores, are
Words that form our guiding star.
Femina perfecta, too,
Is a motto kept in view.
Can we then defame thee? No!

Ζωή μου, σᾶς ἀγαπῶ.

Thou art like the banyan tree;
 We, the branches spread out free.
 Though we sep'rate root do take,
 Yet we all one tree-top make,
 And through all one life doth flow.

Ζωή μου, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.

Then, in truth, we do not part,
 Since our soul thou ever art.
 Whereso'er we're led by fate
 Thou our life wilt dominate.
 Can we cease to love thee? No!

Ζωή μου, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.

EFFIE PETTIT.





SENIOR CLASS

Motto: Fortiter, Fideliter, Feliciter.

Colors: Crimson and Black.

Flower: Red Rose.

OFFICERS

AGNES GRANBERRY, ...	President
ETHEL DURST, ...	Vice-President
EVA BALLARD, ...	Secretary and Treasurer
MARY MAHON, ...	Historian

Toast to Florida

Here's to dear old Florida,
Sing her praise for aye.
We, the class of Nineteen Twelve,
Will spread her fame alway.
When we leave her portals wide
To launch upon the world's strong tide,
We will true to thee abide,
Florida. Rah! Rah! Rah!

Here's to dear old Florida,
Our hearts, they beat for thee.
Daughters, pledge your reverence,
To her sweet memory.
Keep her star forever bright;
Let it be your beacon light,
We will shout with all our might,
Florida.

AGNES GRANBERRY, B. A.

"The time is out of joint: O cursed
spite
That ever I was born to set it right."

Reader! Look long and seriously. At the age of two she could say the Greek alphabet, at four she had translated Homer's Illiad. In fact, she is so classical that even her nose is Roman. Yea, she is all this and even more. In deepest reflection, one is obliged to consider what a college would be without its Agnes. Picture to yourself "a grand girl" and you have almost seen her.

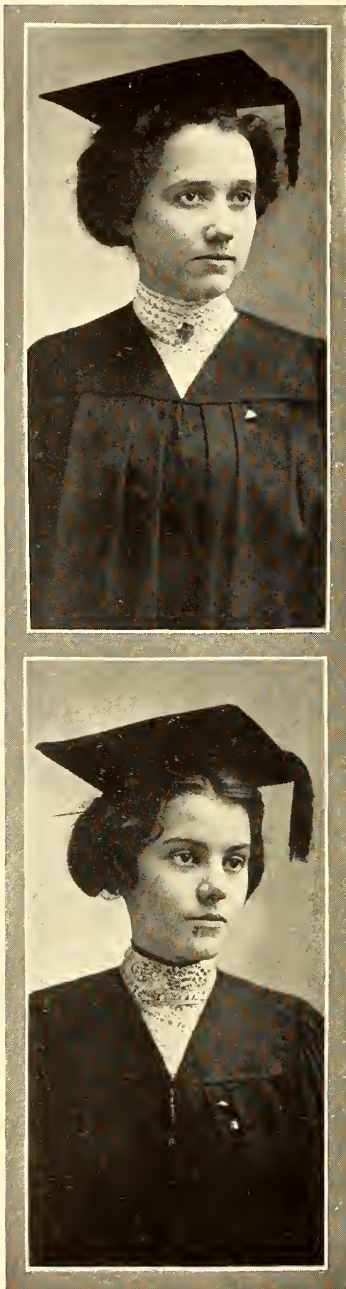


ETHEL DURST, B. A.

"Hark from the tomb a doleful
sound."

On a certain July 23rd, the world was startled by the low wailing of an infant. This wail was of such an intellectual tone that the presidents of all the most famous colleges immediately made application to be allowed the training of this young prodigy. Her parents, however, deemed it best that she should attend the State College of Florida. Hither she came. She has made medals her chief pursuit and some day intends to present her collection to the world.





EVA BALLARD, B. A.

"The girl who blushes is not quite a brute."

One Christmas not so many years ago, Santa Claus carried a toy piano to a little girl in South Florida. This child was no other than Eva. She played such beautiful tunes upon it that even the mocking birds stopped singing to listen. She attended Randolph-Macon, but realizing the wonderful advantages of the Florida State College for Women, she decided to complete her education in Tallahassee.

BLONZA CATES, B. S.

"Of manners gentle, of affections mild."

On the records of the world is found April 21st, 18—, underlined in red ink. This is to signify that on this day Blonza Cates had been pleased to take up her residence on this earth in a little town called Tallahassee. Her first step was to file application for entrance to the Florida State College for Women, situated in that town. Needless to say the institution considered itself fortunate and has never been disappointed.

MARY MAHON, B. A.

"Even her failings lean to virtue."

In the first place Mary's father was a minister. In the second place there is found somewhere in Thorndyke's Psychology the "Law of Heredity." Therefore Mary is a strong worker in the Y. W. C. A. She entered college as a Sophomore and has acquitted herself with credit throughout her entire course. Her Senior year, however, will ever be looked upon as her most famous, for she suddenly developed poetic qualities. Among her works is "The History of the Class of '12," found in this volume.



JOE BERTA BRYAN, B. A.

"The heart to conceive, the understanding to direct, or the hand to execute."

If Joe Berta began to show any executive ability as early as 1894, the Kissimmee record gives no evidence. The fact remains, however, that she possesses the said ability in abundance. She made her first public speech in that town in May, 1909. Since attending the State College at Tallahassee she has become noted for making speeches in chapel, while in the dining room, it is no longer necessary to have Mr. Kellum.





MARGARET BURKHARDT, B. A.

"Better late than never."

We scarcely ever see Margaret around the campus; in fact, she has become conspicuous for her absence. The knowledge which resides somewhere beneath the four cornered cap has been attained largely by absorption for she lives on the outskirts of the campus. In truth, however, she possesses wisdom, for she has a Bachelor's degree and she wears glasses.



NANCY CHOATE, B. A.

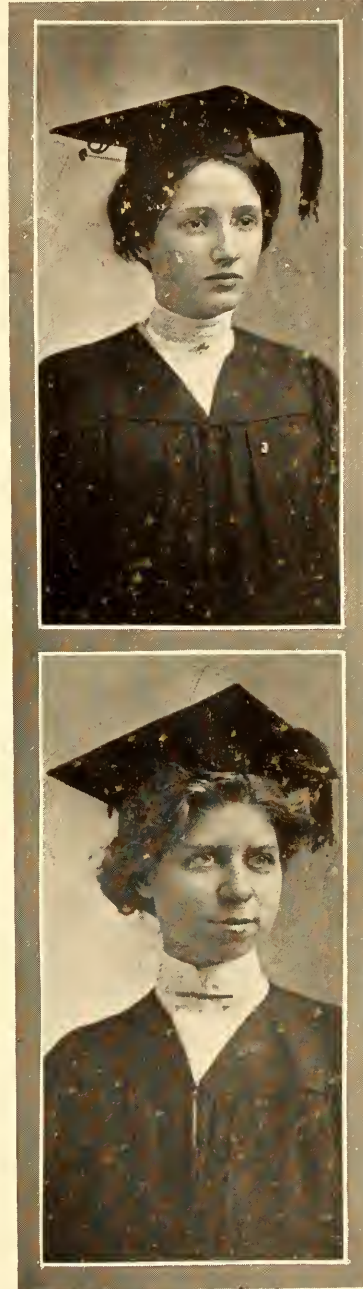
"Man delights not in me."

Another "Tallahassee Girl." Nancy, by some mysterious power, was delayed on her way to this land and arrived here some few years after the intended time. In other words, she belonged not to this age of turmoil and hurry. She is small of stature; indeed, taken all in all she may be described as quaint. She is particularly fond of art and has a high degree of talent in that direction.

LOTTIE CORDES, B. A.

"A poor lone woman."

Lottie, otherwise known as "Lottie Bird," has always been our little lightning express. Her tongue, it seems, has been given the power of moving twice as fast as the ordinary mortal's. Her wit (?) is tempered by timidity which often proves fatal. From her own lips is the statement: "I'm the only girl in the history of the institution who has graduated without having at sometime in my life a suitor."



GENEVIEVE CRAWFORD, B. S.

"Wise to resolve and patient to perform."

Genevieve came into the world endowed with a determined will and good sense. As a result of these faculties, she early sought the precincts of the Florida State College for Women. She here found opportunity to satisfy her delight in cooking. Her chief business is in ascertaining the number of calories which fall to each girl's share in the dining room.



ELIZABETH CURETON, B. S.

"I murmur not, even though my heart should break."

Lizzie, being by the mercy of Providence placed in close proximity to the Florida State College for Women, soon discovered her good fortune and took advantage of it. She has a strong affinity for things pertaining to Botany and Chemistry and to Edith Dyer.

EDITH DYER, B. S.

"Silence is the best resolve for him who distrusts himself."

Edith, having arrived upon the globe and hearing of Lizzie's intention to attend College, immediately determined to do likewise. Her words do not bespeak her thoughts, but perhaps reticence is a sign of wisdom.

FLORA HALL, B. A.

"No excellence without great labor."

In the beginning, Flora was placed in New York and as a matter of course attended Syracuse University. As soon, however, as she had reached the age of discretion, she saw the deplorable mistake, and came to Florida just in time to spend her Senior year in the State College.



NELL KINNEY, B. A.

"Doth perfect beauty stand in need of praise at all?"

This is Nell. She honored the world with her presence on Wednesday, 18—. Having obtained the rudiments of her education in Jacksonville and Pensacola, she received a B. S. degree from Sullins College, Va. The Florida State College for Women was delighted to give her a B. A. and from all appearance, Mr. — will be charmed to give her an M. R. S.





ELOISE MCGRIFF, B. S.

"Her iron is a worthy frying pan
Her scepter but a rolling pin."

Eloise arrived in Tallahassee and immediately began crying. Everything was done to appease her. Specialists were called in but the case was hopeless. However, after many days she caught sight of a work basket. Her cries ceased, she held out her chubby hands and began cooing. This is why we see her here.

LIZZIE NORTON, B. A.

"Here we have an acrobat. Stop and see her skin the cat."

Lizzie's first really great achievement was when she balanced a basket ball in one hand at the age of three. Her second was when she was elected to the captaincy of her basket ball team in college. Her third will be published in "Leslie's Weekly."

The Legend of "Nineteen Twelve"

Ye, who love to hear a story
Of a class's daring contest,
Love to hear of their great strivings,
For the profit of their nation;
Love to hear recited truly,
How they changed their robes of ignorance
For the garb of joy and wisdom.
Listen to this simple story
That "Nineteen twelve" records for you.

On one dark and gloomy morning
As we strolled toward the college
Lazily in profound ignorance,
There appeared in the distance
Swiftly coming toward our campus
Clad in mist, a white faced woman,
With the features of Minerva.
When she reached us she spoke, saying
"If you wish to possess wisdom
Go into yon great green campus
Where you'll find by searching closely
A great oak. This tree of knowledge,
You must strip of bark and branches,
And that done, must cut the trunk down.
But this task needs preparation,
Which consists in four years' labor.
In the evening of the last day
Of each year that you have labored
You must try to fell the great oak.
If you do as I have told you,
On the last day you will conquer
Not 'til then will you have wisdom."
Spirit-like she stood before us,
Spirit-like she vanished from us.

Slowly now we made advances,
For we knew there lay before us
Labor, in this far-famed college.
First, a mist there was around us,
Then before, the tree of knowledge
Stood in all its wondrous glory,
With its branches overhanging
All the pathway to the college.

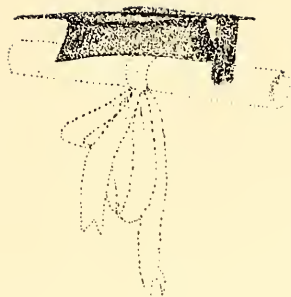
Thus advancing, we drew nearer,
And the great prize high above us,
The reward of four years' labor,
The much coveted diploma
Shown in all its gleaming whiteness.
From each lower branch there flourished
Some new element of Knowledge,
And we knew that with great striving
We could fell these ponderous branches.
Then a maiden of our number
Spoke with words of inspiration,
"Surely with our strength and power
We may fell the tree before us
Thus at once our prize secure."

She ceased — A murmur broke the silence
And another from our number
Slowly rose, reproached the maiden:
"You have heard Minerva tell us,
'Strip the tree of bark and branches
And when that's done, cut the trunk down.'
Her instructions we must follow
Else we lose the longed for knowledge."

Thus it was that we to conquer
Had to tear off first the branches,
Then cut through the dry thick cov'ring,
Tear off first the "Trig" and Latin,
Then the rudiments of German,
And at last that fearful Drama.

But the toil was hard and telling,
Some there were who grew discouraged,
One by one they left us murmuring,
"We will turn to new ambitions."
But the ideals we should realize
Spurred us on to further strivings;
Weak and weary were the strugglers.
One more branch we had to sever,
Four long months we struggled with it,
But before the Yule tide reached us
We had mastered "In Memoriam."
Thus the reason for our gladness.

Long together we have labored,
Learned to love and cheer each other.
Tho' our pathways are divided
Still in heart we are united,
Still one purpose guides us ever,
Leads us on to Truth and Knowledge.





JUNIOR CLASS

JUNIOR CLASS

Motto: Not at the top, but climbing.

Colors: White and Gold.

Flower: White Daisy.

HALLIE DEATON,	President
ALMA PARLIN,	Vice-President
CONSTANCE JACOBIE,	Secretary
LOLA SNIDER,	Treasurer
EUGENIA NOLAN,	Historian

“Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow.
With conkle shells and silver bells,
And pretty maids all in a row?”

Annie, that's for anemone, tall and slender and straight, with a slight inclining of the head for anticipation's sake.

Alma, that's for amaranth lasting yes for aye, when many less stately beauties have withered and faded away.

Amanda, for you there's the arbutus, you must seek it high and low, for it blooms upon the mountain side just beneath the snow.

Bessie and Bertha are somewhat akin to the buttercup that's for wealth, and if they would have their treasure complete may they find wisdom also and health.

Constance is for cowslip, which though it grows in a country lane, yet has a perennial beauty that will never make womanhood vain.

Fannie, there's the for-get-me-not, and who would so far forget oneself as to think no more of her.

Frances is for the four-leaf clover though these are somewhat rare; for security and safe keeping, they have dame fortune's care.

Helen is for the heliotrope, whose softly delicate shade betokens devotion's end which is in itself repaid.

Hallie, for you there's the heather, and though loneliness may not be her lot, the highland's soil from whence it springs will aid strength to beauty's knot.

Irma, that's for the iris beloved fleur de lis of France, growing in our garden just by chance.

Ione is for the ivy, clinging, yes for aye, and making the rains of past hopes beautiful when buildings have crumbled away.

Jessie, there is the jessamin and from the bud that is yet to bloom, the gentle breezes of the south bring us whiffs of its sweet perfume.

Eugenia, there is the evergreen, of this what need we say? It brightens the chill days of winter and beautifies every bouquet.

Lola, that's for the laurel, long may her fame endure, to rejoice the heart of her Alma Mater against the world's censure.

Mary is for marigold, beware my maid, beware, lest another King Midas seek to change thy worth to a golden care.

Margaret, that's for the daisy our own class emblem fair, we need not pick its leaves apart to seek our fortunes there.

Olive is for orange blossom, whose charm can claim a part in our love of romance and art.

Ruth, that's for rosemary, for remembrance Perdits said, when dropping a pretty courtesy she chose it for her guest.

Virginia, that's for violet, modesty suits her best, yet we may stoop to pluck her and forget all about the rest.

Sally, that's for snowdrop,
The little flower that's gone,
And to the memory of her name,
We will sing a little song.

The Charge of Nineteen Thirteen

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward!
On through the valley of psychology,
Strove the thirteen, nineteen hundred!
Sallys to the right of them,
Sallys to the left of them,
Sallys in front of them,
Volleyed and thundered.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward!
On through the valley of Drama,
Moved the thirteen, nineteen hundred!
Comedies to the left of them,
Miracles to the right of them,
Tragedies in front of them,
Were freely plundered.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward!
On through the valley of History,
Rode the thirteen, nineteen hundred!
Topics to the right of us,
Topics to the left of us,
Topics in front of us,
By thousands were numbered.

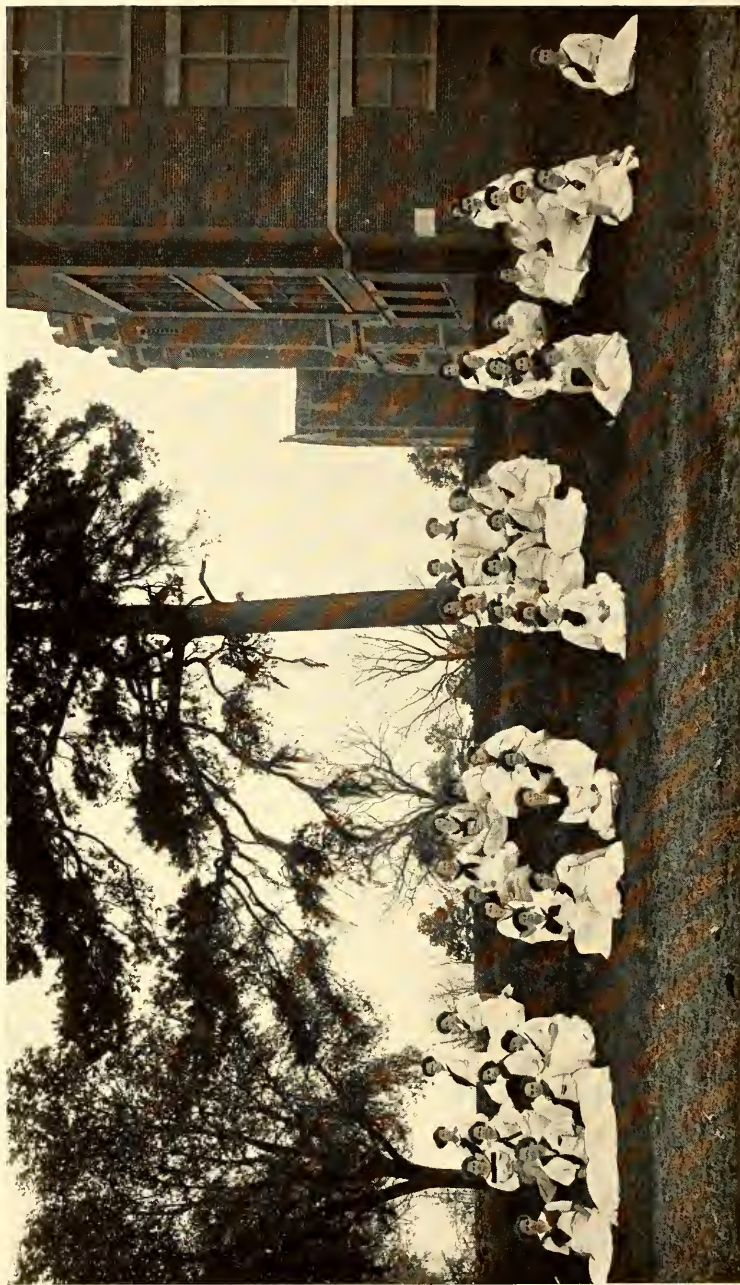
Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward!
On through the valley of Languages,
Venit le treize et neun-zehn hundert!
Latin to the right of them,
French to the left of them,
German in front of them,
Who shall say that they blundered?

G. S. '13.



SOPHOMORE

LOUISE WETHERELL.



SOPHOMORE CLASS

Sophomore Class

Motto: "Esse quam videre." *Flower:* Cherokee Rose.

Color: Green and White.

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 MOZELLE DURST, ... Secretary and Treasurer
 FRANCES LONG, ... Historian

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CLARK	DURST	HOYT
CHILD	PATTISHALL	MITCHELL
WEBB	AMES	DORTCH
GROSE	HOFFMAN	SPEARS
GRASTY	BURTON	ALFORD
MANARD	FRYER	MARTIN
WILLIAMS	LEFFLER	O'GUINN
LAW	EDDY	WILLIAMS
BELLINGER	LYON	MCGUIRE
BYRD	DRANE	

COMEDY:

“The Sophomore-Senior Christmas Carol”

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS.

Seniors—i. e. girls.

CAROL
LOTTIE
NELL
LIZZIE
AGNES
EVA
NANNIE

Sophomores—i. e. boys.

IRENE
CONSTANCE
MOZELLE
CORINNE
IVA
ANNIE MAE
DAGMAR

Two little Niggers—

ELIZABETH SPEARS

LUCILE BELLINGER

Nigger Mammies—

ADA PALMER

BLANCHE PATTISHALL

SANTA CLAUS, ... BESSIE EDDY

Groups of Seniors and Sophomores.

ACT I.

SCENE—Ante-room in gymnasium. Cloaks and scarfs thrown on chairs here and there.

MAMMY ADA: Lord bless yo' soul, chillun, come right in. Gimme yo' cloaks and g'wan play.

CAROL, (spying Agnes sucking a piece of stick candy): I want a piece of that. Where'd you git it?

AGNES, (backing): You can't have any of mine. Go get yourself a piece. There's a whole tub full behind the door. What you want to beg mine for?

CAROL: Tight-wad.

MAMMY ADA: Jes' look at you chillun, fussing already.

(Enter NELL, IRENE and MOZELLE.)

CAROL, turning a scornful back upon Agnes): Nell, les' us get us some candy and don't give Agnes a bite.

IRENE, (gallantly): I'll get you some, Carol. You know you came with me.

NELL: You're not the only one that's going to have some. Mozelle, get me a stick of candy.

MOZELLE, (rebelliously): You musn't order me to—that's not the way to do.

(All rush to candy tub and each gets a piece.)

(Enter MAMMY BLANCHE.)

MAMMY BLANCHE: Chillun, don't crowd round in here. Git er long, make space for more folks. Plenty seats in t'other room.

(Enter CONSTANCE and LOTTIE. CONSTANCE whistles Alexander's Rag Time Band and flourishes cane.)

CAROL, (in stage whisper): Isn't he cute?

IRENE: Pshaw! He's a dude.

MAMMY BLANCHE: Didn't you chillun hear me talkin' to you? Now, git out o'here.

Exeunt all.

ACT II.

SCENE—Large room, decorated in pennants and festoons of green and white. All the party seated around.

MAMMY BLANCHE, (in center of group): Sh-h-h-h-h! Santa Claus is comin' ater while, so you chillun better be good and play thimble, quiet like, 'fore he comes. Now, Miss Nannie, you take the thimble and start de game.

(NANNIE passes round thimble. Jealous whispers follow her.)

ANNIE MAE: I thought she was goin' to give it to me.

CAROL, (disdainfully): I don't want to play thimble. 'Taint any fun when I don' get it.

MOZELLE, (holding up thimble triumphantly): But it's fun when I get it.

CAROL: Well, we aren't going to play. I know a speech.

Chorus of voices: Say it, Carol, say it.

CAROL: "Christmas is a comin',

The goose is gettin' fat,

Please put a penny in the old man's hat.

If you haven't a penny,

A half-penny'll do,

If you haven't got a half-penny,

God bless you."

(Loud applause and clamor for another speech.)

CAROL: No, I won't say another. Mamma says that a little girl must not push herself.

NANNIE: Isn't she mean? Never mind, I know a joke I'll tell you. Do you want to hear it?

EVA, (speaking for the crowd): Sure, we want to hear it.

NANNIE: Well, this is it. "There was a little boy that came in the house to his mother, just a cryin'. His mother said, 'What's the matter, Johnny?' 'Papa mashed his finger,' blubbered Johnny. Then his mother said, 'What'd you cry for? Why didn't you laugh?' And Johnny said, 'I did.'"

LOTTIE: Why, I don't see the point.

LIZZIE: If you don't see it, don't say so.

CORINNE: That's what I say.

CONSTANCE, (with flourish of her cane): Now, Lizzie, you pick on your own partner and let mine alone.

MAMMY ADA: Lord a murcy, dem chillun am fussin' again! Can't somebody tell another joke?

CORINNE: I will. "One little girl said to another little girl that Jack danced her straight into heaven, and the other little girl said, 'Why, doesn't he ever reverse?'"

(Screams of laughter.)

LIZZIE, (poking LOTTIE with her elbow): Do you see the point?

LOTTIE: Oh, drop it.

IRENE: I'm tired of jokes. I'm going to say a speech like Carol did.

IVA: Copy-cat.

IRENE: I don't care. It's an original speech.—

(Rising and striking an attitude.)

"Here I stand all washed and clean,

If you don't come kiss me,

I'll utter a scream."

CAROL, (in a whisper to AGNES): I bet she means me.

AGNES: Seems to me I've heard something like that before.

LOTTIE: Why, yes, she copied it off of,—

'Here I stand all ragged and dirty,

If you don't come kiss me,

I'll run like a turkey.'

CONSTANCE: Choke Lottie, before she starts on Mother Goose. She won't stop till morning.

DAGMAR: When's a man more than a man?

CAROL: I know that. When he is beside himself.

IVA, (struck with a happy thought): When is a Junior more than a Junior? At the Sophomore-Junior basket ball game.

(Laughter and enthusiastic applause, in the midst of which two little niggers appear on the scene.)

MAMMY ADA: Now, quiet down, chillun. We'a going to be entertained by dese here pickaninnies.

(Two little niggers make stiff bows and begin.)

FIRST NIGGER:

“Well, once there wuz two little boys,
Named Jeems and Johnny Wood:
And Jeems wuz bad as bad could be,
And Johnny he wuz good.
Their ma, she had a bag of gol',
Hid in a cubby-hole,
And Jeems he found it out,
And all that heaps of money stole;
And then he ran away so fast,
He lost a rubber shoe,
And lef' his ma and brer so po'
Dey dunno what to do.

SECOND NIGGER:

“Well, Johnny, for his po' ma,
He worked the best he could,
Till once she sent him to the swamp,
To chop some piney wood.
And then a lot o' 'gaters come—
u free, u fo', u five,
And the biggest gobbled Johnny up,
And swallowed him alive.
And there inside the creeter's mouf,
Why, what did he behol'
But the other injy-rubber shoe,
And his mudder's bag o' gol'.
Well, den he tuck his leetle axe,
And right away he hack,
Till he chops a monstrous hole
Right through the gater's back.
Den out he pops and never stop
Till he reach his mudder's do'
And poured de shinin' money dar,
Right on de parlor flo'.”

BOTH LITTLE NIGGERS:

Now, honey, min and member this,
From the tale you jes been tol'
De bad, dey alluz come to bad,
And de good, dey gits de gol'.”

IVA: That isn't half as cute as my joke.

Curtain.

ACT III.

SCENES (Room dimly lighted by candles on a large Christmas tree in one corner. All Sophomores and Seniors seated on the floor.)

CAROL: Let's all plan what we want Santa Claus to bring us. I want a mocking bird that I can wind up and make sing. I get tired of performing in public.

CONSTANCE, (sighing): I want a toy soldier, and maybe if I think about it hard enough it will come to life.

LIZZIE, (with intense longing): I wish Santa Claus would bring me my diploma.

(Everybody laughs.)

CORINNE: You're a little girl now, Lizzie. You can't play with a diploma.

LIZZIE: I wouldn't play with it. I'd make good use of it.

IRENE: I believe I'd rather have a basket ball than anything else.

CAROL, (jeeringly): Of course you would. I bet nobody can guess what Dagmar wants.

MOZELLE: Orange blossoms.

(More laughter; DAGMAR blushes becomingly.)

LOTTIE: Well, I want a little tinsy Mother Goose book, a little baby one.

CONSTANCE, (despairingly): Gone again. Nannie, please come to the rescue and tell us what you want.

NANNIE: I want a doll piano.

DAGMAR: What was the use of asking Nannie? You might have known what she wanted.

MAMMY BLANCHE: Now, you chillun git quiet and every body watch de winder.

(All eyes turned toward window. SANTA CLAUS enters. Wild excitement follows, while presents and jokes are passed around.)

CAROL: Now Santa Claus, you've given us our presents, tell us what you want for Christmas.

Chorus of voices: Yes, do, Santa Claus.

SANTA CLAUS, (seized with an inspiration):

"Ven Christmas koms already yet,
Mit presents large and shweet,
Der tings I like in mine stockings best,
Py chiminney iss Mine Feet."





Freshman Class

BERYL HARRISON, ... President
 HAZEL HOUGH, ... Vice-President
 GEORGIA PATTISHALL, ... Secretary and Treasurer

RUBY ADAMS	EVELYN LUMSDEN
ALBERTA ARNOLD	ZOE MANNING
ADELAID BELL	RUBIE McLIN
CLARA BELL	ETHEL MANNING
CONSTANCE BISHOP	JESSIE NELSON
MARGARET BOGGESS	NANNIE NICHOL
SARA BRANHAM	BERTIE PATTERSON
BEULAH BRASWELL	GEORGIA PATTISHALL
ONIE BRUE	ETHEL SEYMOUR
BELLE DAVIS	ELOISE SLAPPEY
MYRTICE DEAN	KATHERINE SMITH
KATHERINE EILENBERG	MARY TUCKER
BERYL HARRISON	BESSIE VAN BRUNT
HAZEL HOUGH	MARY VERDERY
JESSIE KEY	



"Gee whiz, there goes that flabagasted bell, and I've got this whole cake of chocolate to eat."

Miss Dean grabbed her book and scudded off to English class. In her haste she tripped over the steps of the side entrance.

"Oh! Pete!" muttered she, scrambling to her feet, and picking up her scattered belongings she finally reached the English room.

"Who's seen Miss Dean?"

"She was eating cholocate the last time I saw her," giggled Jessie (class snickered).

"Well," said Dr. Dodd. "I believe each of you were to bring in ten questions. Miss Verdery, let's have yours first."

"When was Chaucer born?" smilingly drawled Mary.

"That's good! well, Miss Van Brunt, you look like you had a thought."

"Fourth, Fortieth, Ninth B. C.," meekly lisped Bessie.

"Good heavens" gasped Dr. Dodd. "I feel like butting my head against a *brick* wall. How many times have I told you when Chaucer was born? Let me impress it upon you that you are *Freshman College*.—Yours, Miss Slapppy."

"Who reigned in England during the time of Shakespere?" said she, peeping from under her auburn locks.

"Miss Tucker."

"I don't know."

"Easy," smiled Dr. Dodd, "Miss Lumsden?"

Evelyn in turn gave him a blank stare.

"Say something," he begged. "Miss Boggess, you seem anxious."

"Louis XIV" (class laughs).

"Now let *me* ask a question. Miss Harrison, what was the first English tragedy?"

"Er—er—er," nervously began Beryl, digging a hole in the desk with her toe. "Gorboduc."

"By the way, what is 'Gorboduc'?"

"Why—a—er tragedy" stammered Beryl.

"Your opinion Miss Seymour."

"I thought it was what Miss Harrison said it was," waking up with a start.

"Undoubtedly, but that is reasoning in a circle."

Then tapping Myrt on the shoulder with his ruler, "Get ready Miss Dean, your time has come."

"It was the first Eng—

"Go on," cried Dr. Dodd.—

—poetry" weakly finished Myrt.

Jessie had just finished congratulating her for answering a question, but alas! it was too soon.

"I wish you two young ladies would wait until you reach your room to embrace," remarked Dr. Dodd.

"Miss Adams, your next question."

"What kept Swift from getting high offices in England?"

"Miss Nichol?"

"The book said he was as proud as Lucifer."

"Well yes," assented Dr. Dodd. (Smoothing down his hair.)

"What does that expression mean?"

Jessie began waving her hand in the air, as if it were a matter of life or death.

"All right, Miss Key," gave in Dr. Dodd, bracing himself for the worst.

"Lucifer was the proudest man in olden times." (Class collapsed.)

FRESHMAN, '15.



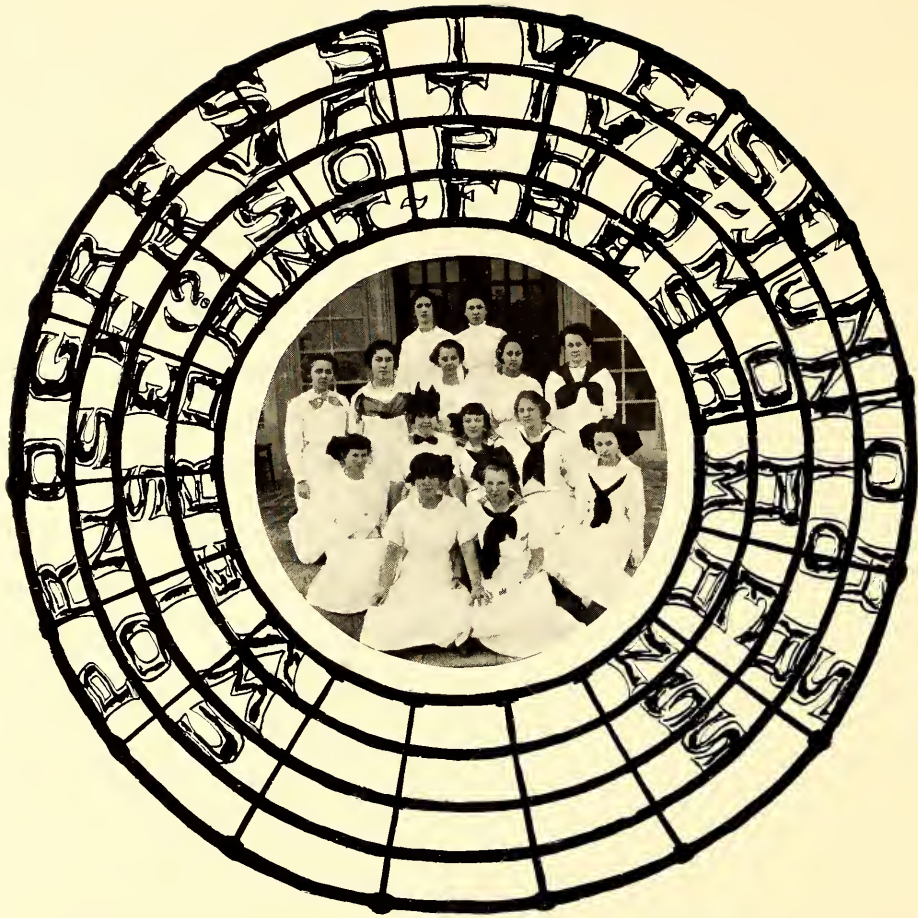


Sub-Collegiates,
 Oh, let us in!
 Oh, let us in!
 Oh let us in, we pray!

Dr. Conradi,
 Do you be still!
 Do you be still!
 And you'll come in some day!

Dr. Conradi,
 If you come in,
 If you come in,
 You must obey the law!

Sub-Collegiates,
 We'll soon be in,
 We'll soon be in,
 Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!



What we are~"A Wheel within a Wheel!"

Our place in the college~Center of Attraction.

Our prospects~An ever Widening Circle of Usefulness.

What other people call us~The Hub of the Institution.

Our political slogan~Protection! four fold!!

Sub-Collegiate Class

OFFICERS

MARY HALL,	President
BESSIE O'STEEN,	Vice-President
ELIZABETH PARKHILL,	Secretary and Treasurer
CARRIE BLOUNT,	Historian

Motto: Live and learn.

Flower: Black-eyed Susan.

Colors: Black and Gold.

When the Sub-Collegiates of 1912 were planning and dreaming of their coming year at the Florida State College, they had visions of mid-night feasts, fudge parties and receptions, and in truth, they thought of College life as one large house party with a continuous round of good times.

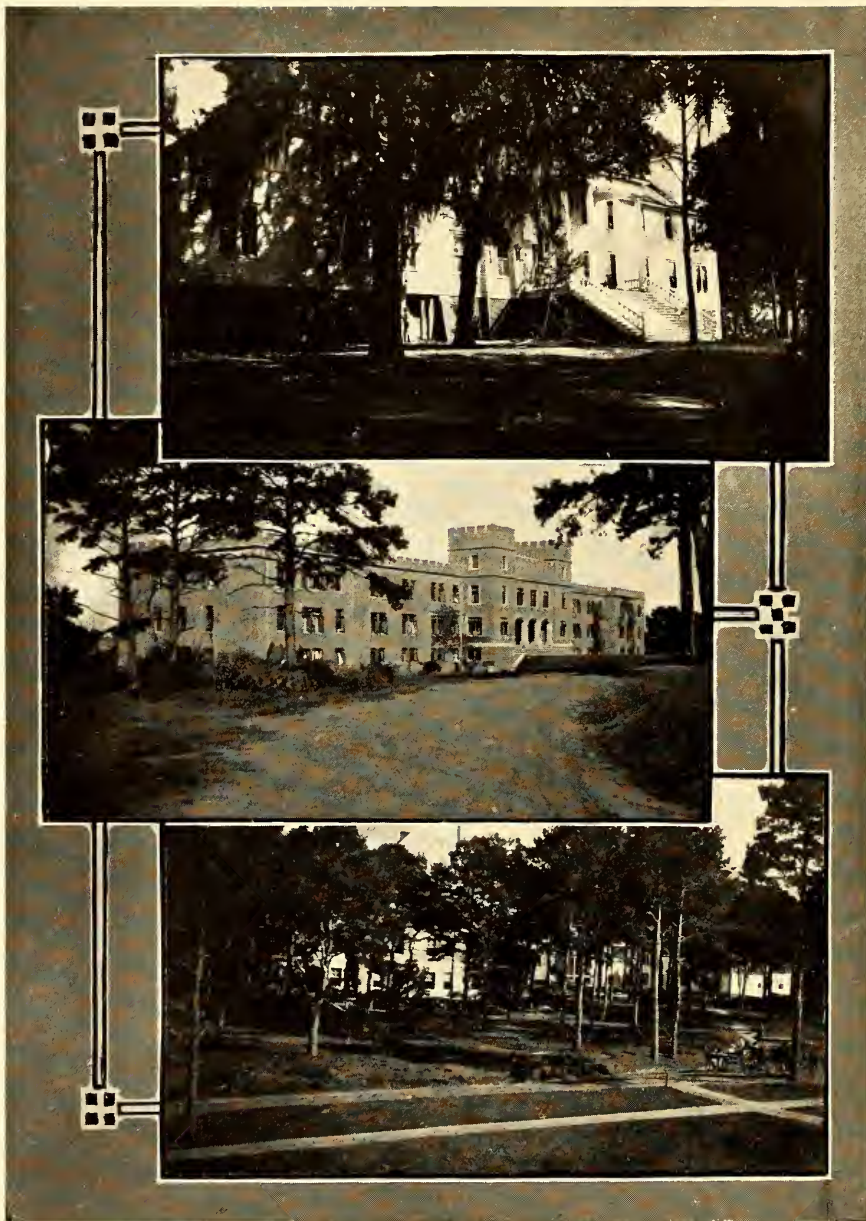
Well, so it was for the first few days, but one evening we were unsuspectingly caught in the clutches of the Classification Committee, who filled our schedules with such terrible looking subjects that all our bright dreams of College life were rudely shattered.

At this moment our trouble began. All of our time was devoted to Math, French and English. We derived so many formulas, read so much French parallel, and wrote so many themes, that indeed it is a wonder we have managed to survive at all. These discouraging days we shall never forget. Each heart suffered its pangs of homesickness and had such "blues" as it had never known before.

Six weeks beforehand we began counting the days until Christmas, and when that long-looked-for time arrived, we could scarcely hold our joy. We had never known two weeks to go by so quickly, and all too soon we were back at the Florida State College, with mid-term examinations only a little way off.

We realize our history, so far, is brief, and has been lacking in exciting events. Nevertheless, we are certain that by our Senior year the class of 1916 will have a history more remarkable than that of any other class. And now by way of encouragement to those who will take our places, remember that your path leads to the joys of the Sophomore, whose work is somewhat of a minor consideration, but they are the first to realize the bliss and happiness of College life.

M. H. and C. B.



CAMPUS SCENES

Our Alma Mater

To the rear of Bryan Hall winds a fine old country road, bordered by occasional trees, whose shadows fall in turn upon the roadway and the corners of the adjoining fields. In the early fifties those fields were simply a part of the "forest primeval" which stretched away over a large part of the Tallahassee hills. To the west of this road but two miles, lay the crumbling ruins of the fort in which DeSoto spent his first winter in Florida,—a spot made more historic by the subsequent massacre of Spaniards and Indians in resisting an attack of the English invaders from South Carolina. And a little way to the southwest stood the home of Prince Murat. Truly a suitable spot, this present College site, for building an institution of learning.

The families of Tallahassee occupied comfortable homes, for the capital city is a noted center for rich planters. Being people of culture, they now felt the need of a permanent school for their children in this comparatively new but prosperous place. So in 1851 the Seminary West of the Suwannee River was chartered by the legislature of Florida, and organized, and put in running order in 1857 by a Board of Education. Ten acres of land, the main part of the present campus, were given to the state, by the city of Tallahassee.

Up to June, 1858, only young men had received instruction, but the Board provided for the instruction of young women also, after October, 1858. The President of Leon Female Academy deeded to the West Florida Seminary some school property situated in the North of the city; and the Board maintained with state funds, a department there for young women. The aims, purposes, and instruction of the two schools were of high order, and ranked well in that time.

It were an unnatural situation if the young people in these schools did not seek "good times" together. Why should the young men hold evening debating societies and pour forth masterly arguments, such as Sophomores usually prepare, to an audience of boys, when the girls of Leon Academy could come as invited guests? And why should those laughing girls in the North end of town watch their brothers go by on their way to the Seminary without casting upon them mischievous glances? Mental telepathy existed long before its discovery; and the thoughts of youths and maidens have, for a long time, wandered, occasionally, from their books to each other.

In 1859 the Seminary incorporated a military department which continued for a long time. Some of the prominent professional and business men of Tallahassee and other parts of the state, speak with ardent admiration to this day, of the fine men from the Virginia Military Institute, who, from time to time, held positions in the Military Department. Men whose ideals so impressed the young men of the Florida Seminary that character and progress grew steadily into their lives.

But in 1862-3 the bugle, which first sounded thru Virginia and Carolina, sent its stirring call thru Florida; and the young men of the Seminary West

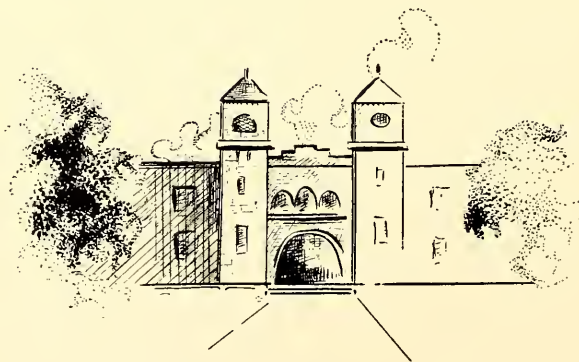
of the Suwannee, some of them mere boys, organized a company for active service. At the Battle of Natural Bridge on the Ocklockonee River they showed that courage that characterized more than one company of student volunteers. For a few months in 1862 the work of the institution was suspended, but resumed later in the year.

During the reconstruction period there was occasionally an appointed teacher from the Northern Universities. Scholarly men they were, but the hot-headed young fellows of the South, not yet calm from the turbulences of war, created some humorous situations. Just let a Yankee professor show some peculiarity of dress or a mannerism contrasting with those of customary Southern society, and you could hear a shout of boyish fun-making from behind clumps of trees, as the professor turned the corners of the building, and swept into the classroom.

"There!" cried one, "See what a model for us who can trace our family history to the Pinckneys and Lees." Happy influences of time, that have leveled so many prejudices and emotions! Influences that have tempered young men into conservative citizens who appreciate manhood in its nobler sense, irrespective of political views and provincial customs! In the faculties of Florida's state schools today are a number of teachers who were born and reared in the far North, and whose accomplishments are most ardently admired by the young people in their care.

In 1882, the two schools, Leon Female Academy and the Seminary West of the Suwannee River, were merged under the name West Florida Seminary. In 1883 it was reorganized as the University of Florida, with five colleges. But the undertaking proved too great for the available funds and equipment, so this arrangement lasted but one year. As a co-educational institution the West Florida Seminary afforded excellent opportunities.

Colonel George M. Edgar was President for several years. During his administration the Seminary attained a thorough standard for literary training as well as a high degree of military efficiency. He was succeeded by Professor A. F. Lewis from Princeton University,—a gentleman of superior scholarship and executive power. He continued to raise the efficiency of the institution, and left a lasting impress upon the students in his charge.



A new building became an absolute necessity, and great was the rejoicing when a two story brick structure was erected in 1890. For that time it was said to have "ample capacity for all educational purposes," and its picturesque towers stood for twenty years in front of the luxuriant pine grove.

In 1887 Dr. A. A. Murphree was elected President. From that date the school began to extend its influence to all parts of the state, and to draw patronage from most of the counties in Florida. A more adequate curriculum was planned, which, tho not yet embracing a technical school, afforded a broader education.

But what could be done with the influx of boys and girls coming to board? To accommodate these conditions the legislature made an appropriation for two neat, frame dormitories. A large part of the campus was yet overgrown with brambles and briers, but as fast as it was possible to secure a few extra dollars for campus pruning, a new portion would be put in order. In 1903 the name of the school was changed to Florida State College.

Class spirit ran high and sometimes "College scraps" took place. On one occasion the Sophomores prepared a rich feast, but to their dismay, a group of rude Freshmen stole in during an unguarded moment and readily disposed of the cakes and viands. "How can we get even with them?" cried young Murray.

Toward spring he rushed in the room to his classmates one day, with face aglow, "Ah! I have it! See the festoons of green bunting in the Chapel! And those Duchess roses! Boys, you follow me at supper time. And girls, you get the roses. Those 'Fresh' youngsters think they'll furnish the decorations for the contest. Wait and see!"

That evening a wild shout drew the Freshmen from the supper table just in time to see their green bunting rolling up in flames, while the Sophomores were wearing badges of its charred fragments. "Burnt green and Duchess pink make a lovely combination, eh? youngsters?" And the Sophomores were "even" with the Freshmen.

The State College had now gathered in an unusually large number of clever young men and women. And the College Annual, then as now, showed rare wit and artistic tendencies in the students. Their drawings and compositions show that many a "wassail bout" passed among the classes. Once in a while there came a College professor that one reads about, and he received full justice at the hands of the Annual staff. But rumblings of an earthquake came from the Capitol in the Spring of 1905! and when the noise had subsided, behold! the legislature had revolutionized the educational policy of Florida by abolishing all the State institutions of higher learning! However, the same bill that eliminated them provided for a University for men which was afterwards located at Gainesville, and a Female College located at Tallahassee. Thus the "old order changed for the new," and the new regime was to be inaugurated in the autumn.

President Murphree set to work to build up a Woman's College of high grade. His first efforts were to secure a faculty of scholarly men and women,

to readjust the curriculum, and to organize a School of Fine Arts in addition to the Normal School and the College of Arts and Sciences. To the last he added a department of Home Economics. To accommodate the growing patronage Bryan Hall was built in 1909. In 1910, Dr. Murphree was appointed President of the University of Florida. His work in the College at Tallahassee will remain a lasting monument to his scholarly attainments, to his energy and his excellent influence as a Christian gentleman.

Dr. Edward Conradi was appointed President of the State College for Women (a change of name having been effected) in the year 1910. He is a gentleman of scholarly attainments, and high ideals of character and education. Under his administration additions have been made to the faculty, the departments have advanced in efficiency, three additional tracts of land have been added to the school grounds, and the enrollment has reached three hundred students. The former College building has been removed and a splendid new structure has taken its place. So many happy associations centered round the old building that even those persons who exerted themselves to secure the new, felt a considerable degree of sentiment about giving up the old structure. But the new Administration Building, whose medieval towers and massive walls can be seen for miles around, is beautiful and adequate for all present needs.

President Conradi, with a splendid appreciation of the situation before him, and a deep interest in the growth of Florida and its young people, has unbounded faith in a magnificent future for the State College for Women. The young women who go out year by year, are far more than "sweet girl graduates," for their records prove them worthy of the seal of college faith, and the protection of its name.





WETHERELL

GLADYS ALMA MORSE.

T. L. S.; Y. W. C. A.
Historian Junior Class, '11;
Y. W. C. A. Editor for Talisman, '12;
Vice-President, Student Honor Committee;
President Senior Class.
Favorite expression: "Ruby, lock the door and look under the bed, I'm so sleepy."



WE

About three years ago,
We Two came here together;
We've sought and worked and planned
In every kind of weather.
Each study in the list,
In thoughtfulness pursuing,
Until at last we've "passed"
Can't you see what we've been doing?
In College life we've found
A world of wealth and pleasure,
Its lessons and our friends
Constitute a priceless treasure.



PEARL WARREN.

M. C.; Historian Sophomore
Class '10; President Junior
Class '11; Secretary Field
Hockey Club '11; Assistant
Literary Editor for Talisman;
Historian Senior Class.
Favorite expression: "Now Blanche,
I can't play with you. I've got to
study my Math."

TWO

On the twenty-ninth of May
We two go out together
To fill a place in life
Thru every kind of weather.
The future we shall see
With "anointed eyes" revealing
The beauties of the earth,
And all finer shades of feeling.
A little sheepskin roll
At Commencement time receiving,
We its sacred mandates hold,
In prosperity believing.



Motto: Push on, keep moving.

Colors: Yellow and White.

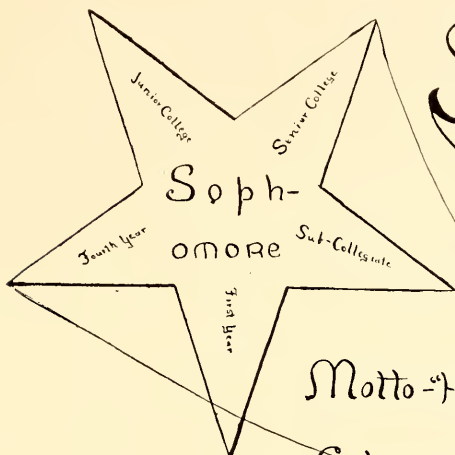
Flower: The Daisy.

YELL.

Five! five! one and five!
 Hear the daisies loudly call!
 Yoh! Ho! we're alive,
 Rah, rah, rah, rah! daisies all!

CLASS OFFICERS

BEATRICE DOSS, ...	President
ERINE DUKE, ...	Vice-President
OLIVE SMITH, ...	Secretary
STEELE EDMUNDS, ...	Treasurer
ETHEL HUMPHRIES, ...	Historian
ALL THE REST OF THEM	Prophets

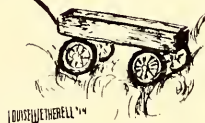


Sophomore Normal

Motto—"Hitch your Wagon to a Star."

Colors—Red and White

Flower—Red Carnation



CLASS OFFICERS

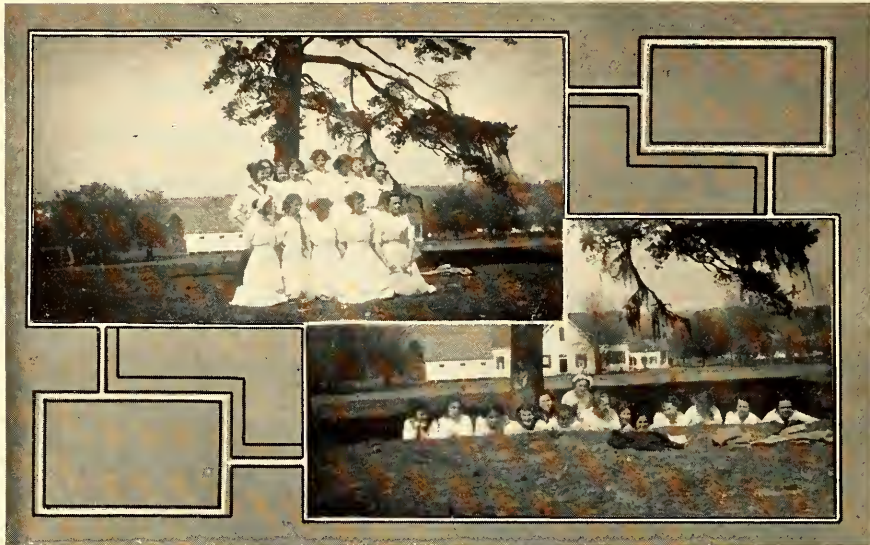
BARBARA PARKHILL,	President
MYRTLE MORGAN,	Vice-President
LUCILE MANNING,	Secretary
EMMA LEE KING,	Treasurer

YELL

Rick, rock, ree!
Rick, rock, ree!
Who are—who are—
Who are we?
Sophomore! Sophomore!
Of F. F. C.



Freshman Normal Class



Motto: We are coming.

Colors: Green and Gold.

Flower: Golden-rod.

CLASS OFFICERS

MARGARET PEARCE, ...	President
LOTTIE APPELYARD, ...	Vice-President
EMMA MYERS, ...	Secretary and Treasurer
MADGE KINNEY, ...	Monitor
ZILPAH HARRIS, ...	Poet and Historian

STUDENT ~



TEACHERS

"With firm resolve to seek the chosen end."



Motto: Not for ourselves but for others.

Colors: White and Yellow.

Flower: Mareschal Neil Rose.

CLASS OFFICERS

OLLIE HENDERSON, . . President

LAURA KEMP, . . Vice-President

MARIAN SNOWDEN, ...

ANNIE BISHOP, . . .

EDNA DARSEY, . . .

Historian

Secretary

Treasurer

The Teacher's Sacred Flower

'Twas on a rose I gazed one morning, just a bud of Nature's show
Of blossoms showered by a wind-breath, pure and white as driven snow.
Cov'ring close the whited petals, keeping pure their waxen gleam
Mother Nature wrapt a mantle, shaped in sepals fresh and green.

Slowly back I drew each sepal, silver lined, and soft as down,
Disclosing to my view the petals,—for nature's gems her own fair crown.
Eagerness anon embraced me, and I fain would see the heart,
So with tender, careful touches, the petals gently pressed apart.

Before my ardent gaze it lay there, a shimm'ring pool of yellow light,
With a single dew drop, glist'ning like a diamond pure and white.
In the center of its brightness, gleaming in the rays of light,
Reposing in mute eloquence of its spotlessness and might.

Had that bud a deeper meaning, something hidden neath its charm?
Did those pure and snowy petals shield the heart from taint and harm?
Yea, those fragrant, fragile cov'rings and the sepals fresh and green,
Had their work to do towards keeping their heart-jewel clear and clean.

In my keeping is a flower, given by the God above,
To unfold with utmost kindness, to instruct with heartfelt love.
This flower's mind is pure and innocent like the petals of the rose,
And the freshness of its nature did a heart of gold enclose.

Ah, guard sacredly the young life, thus intrusted to my care!
In my hands is placed the power, now to mar or make it fair;
I must gently touch the petals and caress the tender leaves,
For a harsh word or rough action wounds a young heart, and it grieves.

O, the confidence placed in us and the trust in us imposed!
Are they not ten fold rewarded when the heart is then disclosed?
There they lie,—the shining jewels, gleaming gems and sparkling gold,—
'Tis the vision of the rosebud, 'tis the tale my fancy told.

Miss Jeanette Bites

"Dear me! what a relief to be in my room once more. I am fairly quivering with apprehension. I feel something unusual in the atmosphere—something mysterious. Still I can't imagine what it can be. I've made my "rounds" twice and all of the girls *seem* to be sleeping quietly. Yet I feel that it is my duty to go once again and—Hark! what is that noise?"

The next minute Miss Jeanette was in the hall vainly trying to find the naughty disturbers. However, she searched without reward for all was as still as still could be. Then Miss Jeanette had a happy thought. She went up to Miss Smith's room. Now Miss Smith roomed directly over Miss Jeanette and she had charge of the fourth floor.

"Miss Smith, did you hear voices in the hall? I am positive that something is about to happen. You know I feel very apprehensive, for never before in the history of our college has April Fool's Day passed off so quietly—why, not a soul has bothered me today and I do greatly fear that something is going to happen."

"I think you are just a bit nervous, Miss Jeanette. The girls have never been quieter at this hour. No—I do not fear that anything will happen. My girls are asleep—long ago."

"Well—any way, if you hear any unusual noises knock on the floor and I will be ready to find who the disturbers are. Goodnight Miss Smith."

"Good night—now don't worry any more, Miss Jeanette."

"Well—that's strange. I too, feel that something is going to happen. But poor Miss Jeanette would never go to sleep if she had any idea that I felt that way. And poor girls! They will do nothing rash and they need a little fun and excitement. I'll just go to sleep and let them have their fun. Poor innocents!"

Very soon, Miss Jeanette, failing to hear any more mysterious sounds, went to sleep—wondering what had caused this reformation. That April Fool's Day should pass without any serious joke seemed almost incredible.

In Martin Seminary all of the girls stood in awe of Miss Jeanette. She was appointed to keep order on third floor and, if it had been a religious vow, she would not have discharged her duty more faithfully. Yet while Miss Jeanette was very strict and at times almost unnatural in her demands for perfect behavior, she was not to be judged too harshly, for she had had a very pathetic love affair in her earlier life. Her lover had not proven faithful. Since this idol had fallen, since this terrible accident had blighted her life, Miss Jeanette had come to doubt the sincerest and to look for plottings against her peace.

"Helen, go easy—Our life hangs on a thread. Only suppose Miss Jeanette hears us—Gee! I'm scared!"

"Never fear.—I can hear her gently snoring and that's a sure sign that poor Miss Jeanette is dreaming of a land where lovers are true. Come! we will have our fun!"

Cautiously they crept to Miss Jeanette's door and listened carefully to be sure that she really was lost in slumber. Then all was perfectly still and quiet once more.

The City Hall clock pealed forth its twelve strokes, each one sounding like a call to duty. Miss Jeanette responded to this call. She awoke, certain that she was needed some where. What was that monotonous sound? "Creak—Creak—Creak." The still night seemed fairly buzzing with "Creaks." Miss Jeanette sat up in bed—then she went to the window and peered into the night.

The moonlight flooded the campus, and by its light she could see at least half-dozen "Sweetheart Swings" and in each, to her horror, she saw a girl dressed in white and around her waist the arm of her lover was lovingly entwined. Miss Jeanette was petrified—Her blood seemed to congeal within her. What *had* happened while she had slept?

Then, as she stood there, dazed, voices floated up to her: "Dearest, fly with me. Leave this jail—I love you. Will you come?"

"I am afraid, yet without you I am miserable. I love you but ——"

"I will accept nothing except 'yes' to my question. You must come for you are my life—I love you so."

The spell was broken. Miss Jeanette called the night watchman and hurried down to the campus. Consternation! What was the world coming to?

Just as she reached the front campus, she saw a couple leaving.

Wildly, Miss Jeanette ran toward them—Quickly she pursued—Soon she had the villain by the collar. She shook him until he fairly gasped for breath. Then a horrible thing happened. The villain's hair fell to his waist and before Miss Jeanette stood one of the Seniors "in all of her dignity."

When Miss Jeanette again regained consciousness, she was alone—except for the night watchman who stood some paces away with a half concealed smile on his face.

From afar came a chorus of voices: "April Fool! Goodnight Miss Jeanette."

E. G.



KINDERGARTEN



— LOUISE LUTHER —

Senior Class

CORINNE FINLEY, ... President

ROSA YAWN, ... Vice-President

Motto: "Unity is life; isolation is death."

Class Flower: Duchess Rose. *Colors:* Green and Pink.



CORINNE FINLEY:

So many words, so much to do.

ROSA YAWN:

When the stream runneth smooth-
est the water is deepest.



ORLENA LEWIS:

To unfathomed waters, undreamed
of shores.

Class History of Kindergarten Girls

Twenty Years Hence

"Please come and establish a Kindergarten here," the wireless message read. It was from Mt. McKinley, and from that day on I felt called to found kindergartens in parts of the world where they were hitherto unknown.

To Mt. McKinley I went first. There were Swiss railroads to take me up the mountain but I preferred something more exciting, so in an airship I made my journey to the village on the slope of Mt. McKinley. The weather up there was not quite so warm as in Florida. However, there was a great work to be done and before I left I had accomplished my task satisfactorily. Just before I departed I sent a wireless message to Martha Pope, now a full fledged kindergartner, to come and take charge of the kindergarten. I felt assured that by having such an efficient teacher my work would continue.

My next call was from Brazil, where I was to open new kindergartens, although there were several already established. I had with me a letter of introduction to the President, so as soon as I arrived at Rio de Janeiro, I presented it. He was very gracious and introduced me to his wife, who was supervisor of the kindergartens. Her hair was gray around the temples but it was very curly, and this gave to her face a charming aspect. After talking to her awhile, I found to my surprise that she was one of my old school-mates, Rosa Yawn. She was accomplishing great things in Brazil. She told me how she had come there as a teacher and had fallen in love and married. We visited the kindergartens she had in charge, but before we arrived at the first one, she told me about Hallie and Mattie. They had come to Brazil, had completed their kindergarten course, and both had splendid positions in the city. If I had not been told it was she, I believe I would not have known Hallie as she had changed so. As soon as I entered the room, my thoughts immediately went back to the days of my kindergarten training. In my mind's eye, I saw the poster pictures of the ducks and chickens, pictures of "Little Boy Blue" and "Red Riding-Hood," but most vivid of all to me were the children. There was Richard Carpenter in the circle representing an elephant; Henry Bond acting out most dramatically, the performance of the circus; Robert Spratt with his finger in mid-air, lost in thought, absolutely unconscious of what was going on around him; and little Eunice skipping around as gracefully as a fairy. I could not keep from joining in the old familiar game of "Farmer in the Dell" just as I did in the old days. We visited Mattie's kindergarten and the children there, too, reminded me of the ones we taught in 1912. I interested many in the kindergarten movement and after establishing several in Brazil, I came home on a much needed vacation.

Tallahassee was now the metropolis of the state, because of the railroad that had been built from Chicago to Key West, connecting the northern states with the western coast of Florida. I came home by this route and arrived early in the morning. What should I see but a familiar vehicle like the old trap that used to take the children to and from kindergarten every morning? But where was good natured Cyrus who drove the trap? I got in and unconsciously pulled the strap around the door as I used to do, to keep the children from falling out. Going at the pace of a snail it was sometime before I arrived home, however, during the drive I made a discovery. Although Cyrus was not the driver, his son had succeeded him and was taking the kindergarten children to school every day as his father had done.

I reached home just in time for a fine musical given at the college that evening. The college had grown so that the former building could not accommodate the students, and had been enlarged. Three large brick dormitories had been added and a building where the girls could put into practice their Domestic Science and Art. The auditorium was crowded with people. Every one seemed anxious for the musical to begin and I heard whispers about a fine pianist who was to play. While waiting, I looked over the program and all the names were unfamiliar to me—at least I thought so. I had almost finished when I saw the name Corinne Finley. When I read that name I, too, was anxious that the concert should begin. I waited to see if this was the Corinne I knew in school, or was she an entire stranger. I saw by the program that she was a composer of music as well as a great pianist. And finally when she appeared and I heard her wonderful music, words could not express my feelings. She played as an encore, an original composition, the ever recurring motif of which was "The Shoemaker." The days of my kindergarten were again brought so vividly before my mind that I was unconsciously pulling my needle in and out representing the song as we had so often done in the past. I was only brought to myself by discovering that indignant glances were being directed toward me. I was struck with the appearance of the pianist, for her face seemed familiar and I soon was assured that it was none other than Corinne, my old school-mate. Her hair had a touch of gray in it and she had grown so tall and stately that I hardly knew her.

More surprises were in store for me, however! Sitting just in front was a sweet faced young woman whom I recognized as Polly Lively. Near by was a tall, handsome young man whom I found to be Dexter Lowry. When the concert was over, I had a talk with Corinne and she told me of her success in the musical world. But she was interested in our former work none the less, so next morning we visited the kindergarten.

In the place of the small wooden building, the state had long since provided a fine brick structure, modern in every particular. It was built according to Shaw's principles of hygiene and was a model kindergarten. Dorothy Sally was found to be the teacher. After giving us a cordial welcome she related in a most interesting manner the changes which had taken place since she was a little girl.

Junior Class

HORTENSE BOYLE, ... President and Treasurer
MARGARET DE MEDICIS, ... Vice-President and Secretary

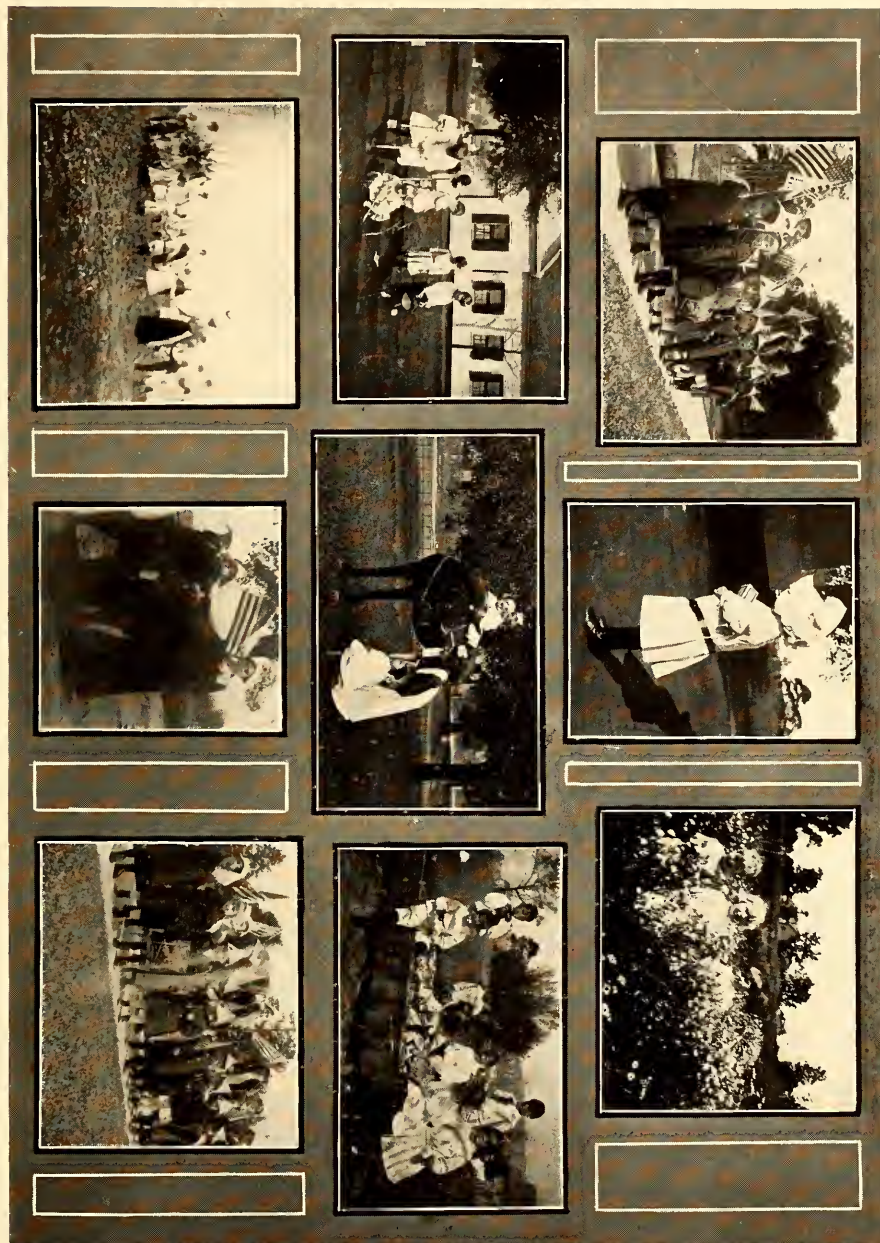
Motto: "Kommt lasst uns unsern Kinder leben."

Flower: Daisy.

Colors: Green and White.



MARGARET DE MEDICIS



The Law of Imitation

The golden sunlight of the spring morning flickered through the leaves on the brown curls of a little girl of five. She made a pretty picture seated under the giant tree, her pink pinafore in contrast to the dark trunk. Scattered about her on the grass were a tin pail, a toy shovel and envelopes of flower seed of every imaginable variety. She looked about her discontentedly a moment, and then rose and ran to the high picket fence near by. Peeping through, she lifted her clear little voice and called,

"Jim, o—o—o—oh Jim!"

In answer, a closely cropped yellow head and a laughing boy face appeared around the corner of the neighboring house.

"Come on over and let's plant some flowers under our tree. I've got some seeds I found on the pantry shelf."

In a moment the two children were busy digging into the dark earth around the tree and dropping the flower seeds into the holes they made. Two people came out of the house and made their way quietly toward the garden. Hearing the gate click shut, Jim looked up quickly, just in time to see them disappear behind the tall hedge.

He smiled wisely to himself as he looked at the unconscious head of his companion bent over her work. But he could not forego the pleasure of imparting an interesting piece of information, so he said,

"Molly, your sister's beau has come back from college and they are in the garden now."

"How do you know?"

"Saw 'em."

Molly, not much concerned, returned to her seeds, but Jim sat wrapped in thought. Finally he said,

"Let's see what they are doing."

Molly lifted a face full of horrified protest and exclaimed,

"Oh, Jim, you wouldn't peep!"

"Why not? You needn't come if you don't want to."

He rose from the ground and thrusting his hands in his pockets, started toward the garden. Molly looked doubtfully after him a minute, then ran and joined him, and together they tripped along until they reached a point where they could hear what the unconscious couple were saying. The college graduate was telling Molly's sister the old, old story of love, and she was listening with flushed happy face. The children, peeping through the hedge drew close together, fascinated, drinking in every word. Jim's warm dirty hand sought Molly's, and she lifted big, solemn eyes full of awe and wonder to his face. He put his sturdy little arm around her shoulders and whispered with a queer boyish reverence,

"Let's us be sweethearts."

F. M. L. '14.

An Expression Class

TIME—MORNING AFTER CARNIVAL.

LUCILE—"Girls, you know I'm scared. Haven't looked at this lesson."

AMANDA—"I have, I got up at three o'clock this morning so I wouldn't disturb anyone."

DORRIS—"Takes more than a Carnival to upset Amanda."

Bouncing footsteps are heard and girls retire behind their books.

MISS M.—"Good morning girls! What have we today?"

ELIZABETH (aside)—"Confetti."

AMANDA—"Mice at Play."

CRILL—"What's that?"

MISS M.—"Didn't I assign this work?"

Chorus of protests.

MISS M. (rising quickly)—"This is very, very discouraging. The work must be done. Procrastination is the thief of time. It is the great fault of the school. The girls leave everything until the last minute. Now, when I went to school I used to prepare my lessons as soon as they were assigned. Work on this plan and it will be the best thing in the world for you. Stand and we'll have some exercises. Take "ah!" with a rising inflection."

CLASS—"A—h! A—h! A—h!"

MISS M.—"I'm afraid you are not breathing properly. Have you practiced your breathing exercises?"

RI—"I haven't had time to breathe."

MISS MOSES—"Girls, the purpose of this exercise is to educate your diaphragm and it is too important to be neglected. Now count from one to ten, getting a new impression with each number."

CRILL (aside to Lucile)—"I know now why I am studying expression,—So I can train my diaphragm."

CLASS—"One—two—three—four."

MISS M.—"Crill, are you getting a new impression each time? Give us your train of thought."

CRILL—"One little Indian—Two little Indians—Three little Indians—four little Indians all in a heap."

MISS M—"That will do. Amanda, I believe we are to have your reading today."

AMANDA—"Which one, the one from the Black Cat?"

MISS M—"No, no. The selection from Dickens."

AMANDA (reading)—"There was once a child. He had a sister who was a child too. They wondered about a number of things. They wondered—" (Quick tapping heard on the door.) Amanda's voice dies away like the rustle of pines fanned by the gentle summer wind.

MISS M—"Wait a moment, Amanda. There's that bothersome little dog again." She rushes to the door armed with a ruler.

As the door opens, Dr. Conradi calmly asks: "Miss Moses, are your radiators working? We are having great difficulty in heating the building."

MISS M—"Thank you, the room is sufficiently heated." Dr. Conradi retires, beaming on the students.

MISS M (confusedly)—"What were we doing? Where were we? Oh, yes! Rise and take some joyful lyrics. Begin at the top of page eighty-seven, selection one."

RI and DORRIS (reading together)—"He comes! The conquering hero comes!!"

ELIZABETH (rising at once)—"Oh! Miss Moses, I adore that. Let me read too. It reminds me of Mr. Smith."

Miss Moses makes a frantic effort to blend three voices where one girl thinks of Mr. Smith, another of Julius Caesar and the third of her lately recovered beau.

MISS MOSES—"Now Ina, read the next one from Winter's Tale."

Ina reads: "It was a lover and his lass,

With a hey and a ho, and a hey-nonino!
That o'er the green cornfields did pass
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
Sweet lovers love the spring."

DORIS—"Miss Moses, is this lyric ——"

The bells ring. The girls gather up their books and rush out, except one or two "hangers on" who stop to ask the teacher questions.





ART DEPARTMENT



CLASS ROLL

SPECIALS

ALGA ALLIGOOD
ADELAID BELL
ELENOR BBOWER
IRMA WILLIAMS

ELIZABETH CLAYTON
AGNES GRANBERRY
ENMA LEE KING
MURIEL ROSE

GERTRUDE MILLER
HORTENSE SPITLER
RUTH SMITH
LOUISE WETHERELL

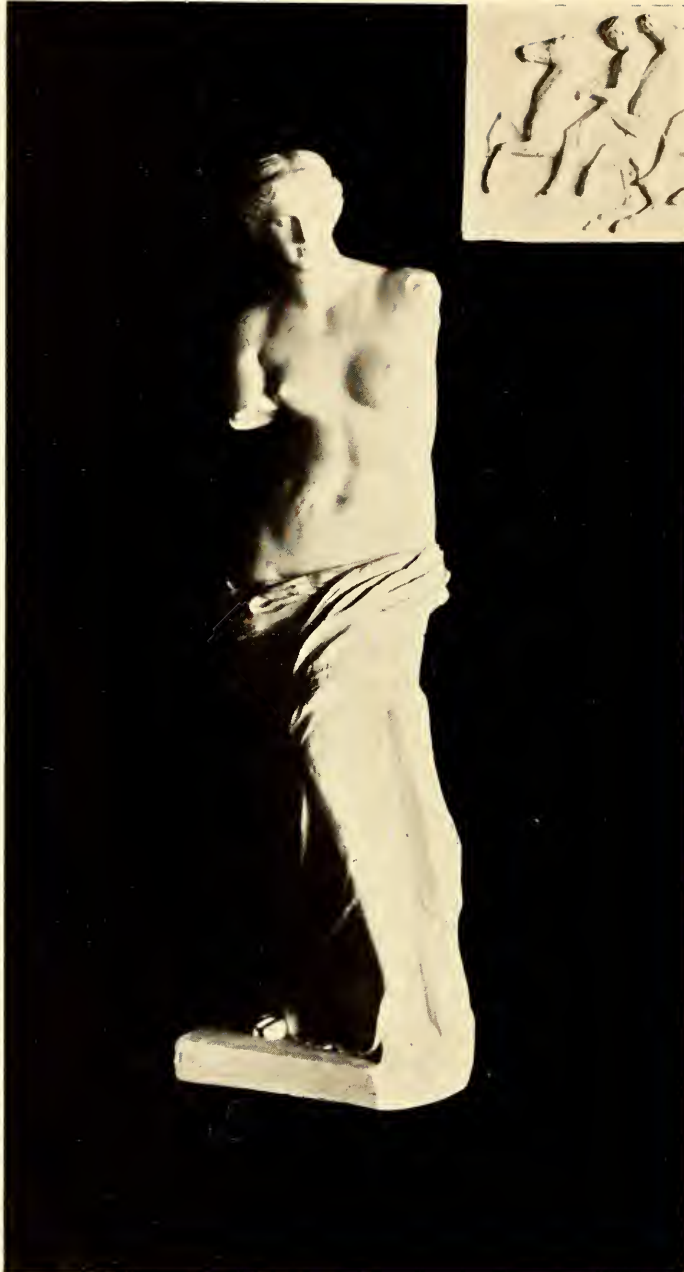
NORMALS

SALLIE ALEXANDER
LOTTIE APPELYARD
JESSIE ALDERMAN
LUCILE ALDERMAN
ANNIE BISHOP
HORTENSE BOYLE
CARRIE BLOUNT
MAUDE BOLIN
LILLA BRITT
PEARL BROWN
MAUDE BLOUNT
PAULINE CAUTHEN
AMANDA CRUTCHFIELD
KATE CROWN
JULIA CRIGLER
EDNA DARSEY
JOHNNIE DAMPIER
MARY DIXON
IVA DYAL
ERINE DUKE
GLADYS DUPUIS
BEATRICE DOSS
MYRTLE EDWARDS
STEELE EDMONDS
LOULIE FLEECE

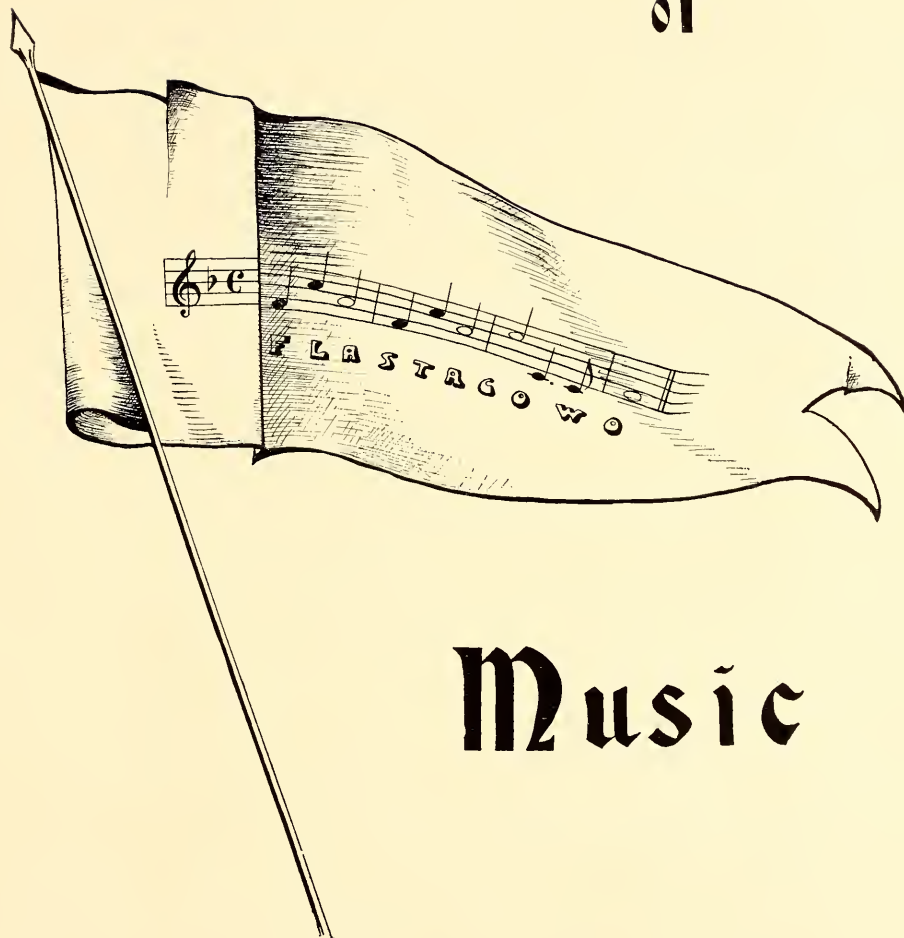
MARY FERRELL
SARAH FERGUSON
CORINNE FINLEY
LEONORA FRIER
SHELLIE GAVIN
OLLIE HENDERSON
CLARA HENDERSON
ETHEL HUMPHRIES
ELBERTA HENTZ
ZILPAH HARRIS
ENMA HELSETH
MARJORIE JUDY
MARGARET JOHNSON
MADGE KINNEY
ANNIE BELLE KILBEE
NELLIE KENNARD
LAURA KEMP
MINNIE LARKIN
MARTHA LEWIS
ORLENA LEWIS
SARAH LESTER
GLADYS MCGILL
JEANETTE MCMILLAN
FLOSSIE MYERS
ENMA MYERS

FANNIE MCCLENNY
ETHEL MADSEN
LAURA MCGUIRE
MYRTLE MORGAN
ANNIE MCPHERSON
GEM PICKET
MARGARET PEARCE
MATTIE ROBINSON
MAGGIE ROBINSON
JULIA RUTLAND
MARIAN SNOWDEN
WINNIFRED STREATER
OLIVE SMITH
INA STAPP
EVA TURNER
EVA MAE THOMPSON
MARGARET THOMPSON
MABEL TURNER
ORRIE WATTS
MARGARET WIGHT
FLORENCE WILLIAMS
ROSA YAWN
RUTH WATTS
DELLA WADE
EMA WELLS





School of



Music



Seniors

CAROL PERRENOT

Candidate for degree of Bachelor of Music.

"The fickleness of the man I love is only equal to the constancy of those who love me."

MATTIE MAE WILLIFORD

Candidate for certificate.

"Even her footsteps have music in them."

NANNIE L. REESE

Candidate for certificate.

"I speak plainly and to the purpose."

MUSIC CALENDAR

OCTOBER—Quite an auspicious opening with an enrollment of fifteen per cent increase over that of last year. Miss Farrington, violinist, assisted Miss Moses on the evening of her reading.

NOVEMBER—On the twenty-third a concert by the entire music faculty. Misses Opperman and Farrington gave a concert of piano and violin before the State Federation of Woman's Clubs in Jacksonville on the twenty-fifth.

DECEMBER—Organ reinstalled. The first of the Vesper services of the year, programs of which are given by the faculty.

FEBRUARY—Vesper service. Two Monday afternoon recitals. Misses Chreitzberg and Farrington directed the local festival given by the united choirs of the town on the nineteenth. Misses Opperman, Farrington and Perrenot played the Mendelssohn music to the reading of Midsummer Night's Dream on the twenty-sixth.

MARCH—Evening recital by pupils of Misses Opperman and Farrington on the fourth. Vesper service. Two Monday afternoon recitals. Colonial Concert by the Glee Club on the twenty-fifth.

APRIL—On the evening of the first a piano recital by Mattie Mae Williford and Nannie Reese, candidates for certificates. Two Monday afternoon recitals. A piano recital on the fifteenth by Carol Perrenot, candidate for degree of Bachelor of Music. A sonata evening of piano and violin by Misses Opperman and Farrington, the twenty-ninth. Evening recital by pupils of Misses Johnson, Wood and Chreitzberg. Vesper service.

MAY—Glee Club concert. A general evening recital. Two Monday afternoon recitals. Concert during commencement week.

FACULTY

ELLA SCOBLE OPPERMAN,	Director, Pianist, Organist
CLARA E. FARRINGTON,	Violinist
RUTH ANNE JOHNSON,	Pianist
SARA MEAD WEBB,	Pianist
MAY WOODS,	Soprano
MARY E. CHREITZBERG,	Contralto



DIRECTORS STUDIO

For Union -

In our hearts there is a tie that binds us to our home, Flo-ri-da our
 Hail! the day that gave the birth our al-ma ma-ter dear. Hail! the years to

state, may we all be true and tried thro' all the years to come, so
 come, may the fortune be assured the glory of our people of

Flo-ri-da our state. The school that gave us bright light to the
 Flo-ri-da our state. When looking backward thro' the years

when things to come. The mother to our hopes as well as years. The
 in our college days. Our hearts shall fill with pleasure and with pride. Well

memories that will cheer and the friendships prove true well live thro' all the years.
 ever sing the praises of our al-ma ma-ter dear. And Flo-ri-da our state.

Carol Perreault:

Jan. 14th. 1912.

A Silk Handkerchief

Grief and fear struggled for mastery in the great house on the hill, grief for the father who was among the dead at Gettysburg, and fear of the "Yankee" camping not many miles away. The two daughters of the house and the son and heir were all that was left of the family. Of course the son must go and fight for his Southland, so the two girls were left alone, protected by a few faithful negroes.

The morning after the news of the master's death had reached them, her black face swollen with weeping, Mammy went to Miss Jane, the elder of the two daughters, and set forth the following plan. Miss Jane and Miss Barbara should take all the family jewels and the little money left, and go to their uncle in the city, where they would be free, at least for the present, from the danger of the "Yankee." Mammy would see to the closing up of the house and follow a day or so later. Miss Jane pleaded and protested that it would not be right to leave the servants to the mercy of the enemy, but Mammy was firm.

"Law Chile," she exclaimed, "What good ud you do? You'd jes be a hindrance to de niggers."

At last Miss Jane and Miss Barbara yielded.

As Mammy, pleased with her victory, stepped briskly into the hall from her young "missus" room, she caught sight of a dark figure crouching in the corner near the door. She started and peered at it fearfully a moment, then broke out fiercely:

"You black Joe, what did I tell you 'bout hangin round dis house? I'l low Miss Jane got a shot gun in here dot she sho kin shoot. Member how Marsa learned her fo ever de war begun, how to shoot a nigger, no matter how fur he mought be? Miss Jane! Oh, Miss Jane!"

But Joe was running down the hall as Miss Jane came out of her room, and she saw only his slouching shoulders disappearing through the door. Mammy told her where she had found him, and laughed at the thought of her threat, but Miss Jane's face was pale as she turned back into the room and shut the door.

Barbara looked up from her sewing questioningly.

"It was that man Joe, Barbara, that father always hated so. He was hiding in the hall as Mammy went out. Heaven only knows what he has been up to. It was the thought of him that led me to consent to Mammy's plan, for he is more likely than not, to turn against us when we need all the help we can find."

"Don't worry, Jane. Even if the worst comes to the worst, it won't help to weep beforehand, and we might as well be happy in the little we have while we have it. Come on, let's get busy. That's the best way to forget our troubles." She tossed aside the sock she was knitting for her

brother, and catching her sister by the shoulders, danced her out of the room. Soon they were busy packing up their clothes for the journey.

"Here are the diamonds mother wore at her wedding, and the set of pearls father gave her before they were married," Barbara said, emerging from the depths of a trunk in the farthest corner of the attic. Handling them reverently, she held them for Jane to see, but at sight of her face let them fall into the trunk on the soft old silks and laces.

"What is it?" she whispered.

Jane regained her self-control in a moment. She shut the trunks one by one, and locked them. Turning toward the stairs she said quietly,

"Not a thing, except that I thought of something I forgot to tell Mammy. It is very important. Don't you want to come with me?"

No inducement in the world could have persuaded Barbara to stay alone in that big, shadowy attic, so she followed quietly down the shaky old stairs. Jane went straight to her room and got the little pistol that Mammy had exaggerated into a shot-gun. Putting it in her pocket, she returned to the attic, followed by Barbara, who was trembling with a vague fear.

"Jane," she whispered, pinching her arm, "Why don't you tell me what's the matter?"

Jane laughed and answered aloud in a steady voice,

"It's a secret of Mammy's and mine."

Partly reassured by her sister's calmness and resolved to practice her own preaching of not worrying about the inevitable, for she considered Jane's silence inevitably a part of her, just as her baffling gray eyes were. Barbara went to work where she had left off, collecting the old jewels. It was not long, however, before she was startled by hearing a pistol shot so near her that it sounded like a cannon. The sight that met her terrified eyes was Jane emptying her pistol about the feet of Joe, who was doing fancy reel steps in the direction of the stairs. As the last shot was fired he ran unharmed down them, followed by Jane's clear voice,

"The next time you won't get off so easy, Joe."

He stopped long enough at the bottom of the stairs to shake his fist and mutter,

"You jes wait. I'm a goin to hab dem diamons yit."

Early the next morning Jane and Barbara bade their old home a hasty farewell. All the negroes were gathered in a little crowd on the front porch to see the last of the family leave. On the edge of the group was Joe, a sullen anger and determination on his face, that chilled Jane's heart, and filled her with dark foreboding. But she tried to shake the feeling off and forget it in Mammy's comforting assurance that she would "come to her chile" as soon as she could.

Jogging along the dusty road in the rickety stage coach, the two girls dragged out the day by comforting and cheering each other. As darkness came on, they reached the village where they must spend the night. The hotel was a big gambling one, on the outskirts of the little town. Showing Jane and Barbara to their room, the good natured landlady chattered incessantly of the scarcity of guests and the poverty of the times.

Wearied by their journey, they went to bed immediately after supper. There was no lock on the door, and as Barbara was nervous, they pushed the wardrobe against it.

Barbara was in bed and Jane was standing before the mirror, combing her hair, when she saw distinctly, a kinky black head and a big, dark form under the bed. She stood frozen with horror for a moment, then her mind worked like lightning. First of all, Barbara must not know. The wardrobe was too heavy to move without help, and even if she could move it, the landlady would be of little assistance. She remembered that there were no other guests in the house. Her pistol was unloaded and she had no more bullets. Then she remembered that the family jewels were in the satchel tied in an immense silk handkerchief of her father's. She untied it, and emptied the diamonds and pearls in a glistening heap on the bureau. Blowing out the light, she took the handkerchief to bed with her. Barbara was sleeping quietly, and it remained for her to wait alone. The bed was in one corner of the room against the wall, and the foot was too low for a large body to pass under, so the negro must come out on the side. Jane tried to gauge the place where his head would appear, and held the handkerchief above it, tied in a large knot.

Oh, those long, long hours of waiting in the dead stillness of the night, watching the moonlight flicker on the bureau and the answering flash of the diamonds. Every pulse in her body beat out the words, "wait, wait, wait, wait," as she crouched there on the edge of the bed, stiff with cold, her trembling fingers clutching the piece of silk. Would he never come? Why was he such a coward? Didn't he see the jewels sparkling and glistening in the pale light, waiting to be gathered up by his eager hands? At last her straining ear heard a slight movement under the bed. With a superb effort she gathered her strength for the last time. She had been accurate in her guessing, for the hideous black head appeared just beneath the handkerchief, and in a moment the loop was about the man's neck. She heard a faint, gurgling sound and knew that her work was well done. Then something in the overtaxed brain snapped, and she fell back across Barbara's unconscious body.

* * *

A sweet faced old lady with soft white hair sits by the window and looks out into the garden where many, many years ago the Union soldiers trampled down the rose bushes and violets. In her lap is a silk handkerchief, worn threadbare, which she ties into soft loop knots and unties, only to retie it. On a little spindle-legged table by her side in an open jewel case, her mother's diamonds flash and blaze in the sunlight, and she looks at them with a wondering awe. Every now and then she stretches out her hand toward them, but draws it back quickly with a frightened shiver, and a shadow comes into her eyes, as though she is trying to recall some painful experience. Her wondering gaze falls on the handkerchief and she takes it up again, content to twist it and tie it, and forget the diamonds and their dim suggestions.

F. M. L. '14.





Miss L.—Good morning girls,—Oh these eight o'clock classes! but children you must be on time.

MARY (emphatically)—“Well I just had to wait until I got a biscuit for I can't sew on *nothing*.”

HAZEL—“It's the truth, you don't have time to eat,—get up at seven, be ready for breakfast at seven-fifteen, wait half an hour for a hot biscuit, then rush over to your room, clean up, find your sewing and expect to be at class on time.”

Miss L.—“There goes the second bell, your five minutes of grace is over.” (Calls the roll.) “Ruby Byrd.”

RUBY—“Present” (answers as she enters the door).

“Helen Saxon” (no answer).

ALL—“Oh, you three demerits for being late.”

RUBY (hearing loud, rapid foot steps in the hall)—“That's Helen.”

“Oh, Miss Lewis, I have had such an awful time. When Jim went to crank the car it wouldn't go, and what do you think! there wasn't a drop of gasoline in the tank and it took him forever to find some. I don't think I ought to get demerits for being late, it wasn't my fault.”

MYRTICE—“All right, give the automobile three demerits for not getting Helen here on time.” (Third bell rings.)

HELEN—“Oh, Miss Lewis, I'm not late—there's the bell now.”

Miss L.—“Let me assign your next lesson so you can get to sewing. You all know the “Ladies of Cranford” is going to be given by some of the college girls and I want you all to plan their dresses. Consult the books and any magazine for styles of the year 1840 and some may adapt these styles to present day styles.”





Design

Have you heard of the wonderful class
in design?
And what do you think they do?
Why, dresses of fashion they plan and
they make
In colors so dainty and blue.

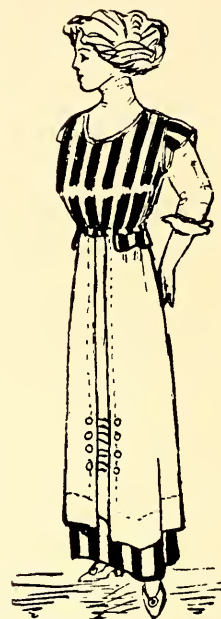
These dresses are planned in most ex-
cellent taste
With lines suggestive of grace,
Then to make them effective each girl
of ten adds,
Hats, gloves and soft veil of lace.

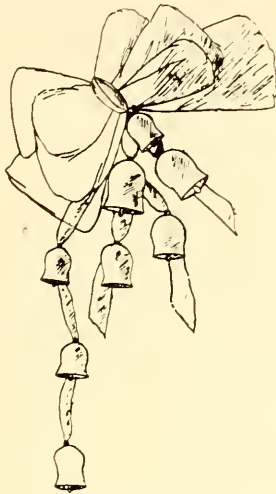




Designers have learned of "variety,"
 "fitness,"
 They design with becoming lines,
 To suit ladies old and young girls so
 fair,
 For the home, for the street, and all
 times.

If more of this art you are anxious to
 learn,
 'Tis not too late to begin,
 Come join with the class and do your
 own part,
 The result great praises must win.





An Application of Theory

A group of tired girls sat on the grass in front of Bryan Hall for a few minutes' rest before the supper bell rang. "Have you heard the latest?" asked Fannie.

"What? Another 'highly instructive entertainment' by some visitor to the capital city?" replied Nell.

"Oh, No! give us a rest from those entertainments for awhile."

"But this is really worth knowing about one of our own crowd."

"What is it? Do tell!" cried all the girls with increased attention.

"Why, Louise is to be married this summer. Her mother wants to announce the engagement when she goes home for Easter, but Louise (you know how modest she is) says she will not consent to do so until she finishes her work in Home Economics."

"Now there's one girl," said Sallie, "who thinks she can 'glean the scattered sapience' of the class-room and use it all. She is the most innocent little novice in the world. But there's the bell and here comes Louise. Heigh-ho comrade? What do you know anyway?"

Louise joined the inquisitive girls, folding a half-read letter back into the envelope. It bore a suspicious looking post-mark, and for some reason, the color would come to her cheeks. She wondered why so many eyes were fixed upon her during supper. Could the news from her home town have reached the College? Some one had found it out! It might just as well be published.

For some days she avoided the laughing, teasing questions of her classmates, but finally was persuaded to "fess up."

"Now girls, if you'll promise to keep it among yourselves," she began. "Oh! that's an old song," cried Nora. "Why don't you say, 'If you tell a living soul, I'll not ask a single one of you to my wedding. I'll not tell you a thing I shall buy, nor how a garment will be made?'" "

"Well, I'm satisfied domestic art is the most useful study in the curriculum, anyway. Between you and me, girls, I feel safer in this accomplishment right now, than in any other."

Louise was a worker, but at the same time a dreamer; and Sallie, the practical, good-natured member of the class, could not let this opportunity pass without teasing.

"Yes, you dear little sister, be sure to re-read your note-books so as to have your knowledge ready to use in your expected 'Housefurnishing.'"

Sallie snatched up the note-book and read, "Tools and weapons developed,—Influence of fire,—now—" All the girls began to laugh.

"Louise, don't you think Jack would be surprised at your knowledge of tools and weapons?" Grace asked.

"Division of labor! Early home-building,—" continued Sallie, turning the leaves of the note-book.

"That's all right," said Louise, trying hard to keep from being teased. "Jack has an appreciation of fundamental principles."

"Oh, my land! What do you think of that?" asked Hannah.

"Now here's something 'fundamental,'" continued Sallie. "Religion of primitive people."

"Don't fret about that," chimed in Hallie. "She'll be sure to have enough religion to keep sweet-tempered."

Louise gave Hallie a laughing, grateful look.

"Go on, Sallie! You're so slow. Why don't you read again?"

"Spinning and weaving. Early means of transportation,"—from the note-book.

"I have a vision," broke in Helen, with mock seriousness, "of a modern Pricilla, a spinning wheel, and a bridal trip, such as John Alden's bride took in the long ago."

Louise had a vision too, though she laughed with the rest. A vision of Jack's manly, young face, that, weaving or no weaving, smiled at old love tales in happy realization of the new. "Come girls, we must get our belongings together, and go to class. We've spent a good half-hour, and it is 10:55 now."

As they hurried through the pines, they met Dr. McNeill in search of newly opened leaves and buds for the botany class. "Dr. McNeill," asked Frances timidly. "Excuse me for interrupting you, but do you think 'Primitive dyes and their methods of application' a good subject for prospective housekeepers to work up?" "Well," began the Doctor, looking across the hills, "I should think—hem—hem—that it would be worth while. Perhaps we can discuss the subject in the household chemistry class."

Just as the girls filed into the laboratory, Miss Lewis began: "Now girls, you may take notes on the talk I shall give you about 'Dwellings as related to climate and life!'" "

A smile went around the room, and Louise dropt her pencil, then her tablet, and finally her book.

"Something is on your mind," whispered Sallie.

The odor of hot cakes came in from the domestic science kitchen. Who could hold a pencil, let alone weighty thoughts?

After the lecture was concluded and the girls unfolded their sewing, the hour passed quickly. It was interesting to see that everyone of those girls felt more and more joy as the stitches grew into seams. "After all, there must be some relation between domestic art and the home, even if the girls did laugh it down," said Louise to herself.

And this fact was demonstrated four months later when Louise opened the wedding presents. There was the most wonderful collection from those girls. Table runners, hemstitched towels, embroidered center pieces, beautiful designs in water colors for cosy corners, dainty jabots, wide collars, and even a silk waist and kimona. The enclosed card bore messages from the girls, from which we quote the original Sallie.

"A gentle reminder of the days when you studied 'fundamentals.' We leave the 'religion of primitive people' and primitive dyes' for you to call up at your leisure, but here's to you from the practical side of your education. Be sure to give our *best love* to your adored Jack, and tell him to meet us at the station, and we shall return the compliment when you leave on your wedding tour."

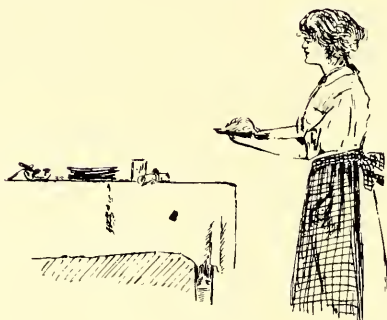


Before and After Taking

(With all appologies to Mother Goose.)

Before

There was a young lady
Who came to our class,
She spilt all the cocktails
And broke all the glass.
She dropped the flour
All over the floor,
And went to Miss Harris
To ask for some more.
She made us some broth
Without any salt,
And the failure of bread
Was really her fault.
Now this little lady
As you can see,
Will always be careless,
As careless, can be.



After

Another little lady in our class,
Was really wondrous wise,
And always left her pots and pans,
Neatly placed before our eyes.
She never dropped her spoon or fork,
And never stopped with girls to talk.
She never burned her bread or cake
Which caused the other girls to quake
With fear, because Miss Harris said,
"Why, girls just see this lovely bread."
She always did her table set
On time, and didn't have to fret,
Nor at the last would have to fix
Her place cards, when they dined
at six,
In all her work she is so neat,
I'm sure you'll find it quite complete.

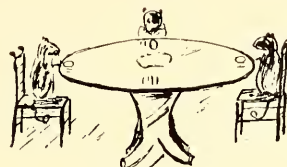


Dietetics

8 O'CLOCK CLASS



Dagmar Neilsen
Ruth Austin
Mrs. Lila Robertson
Genevieve Crawford.



"When the cat's away, the mice will play."

DAGMAR—"Oh! I would give anything in the world to spend this hour on Child Study. I never will be able to understand that sister of mine. I can read Dr. Sherman some other time, any way. I know what I'll do—'I'll cut.'"

GENEVIEVE, (rushing in)—"Dagmar, where are the others?"

DAGMAR—"It is ten minutes after eight and they haven't come yet."

GEN—"You know I sat up after ten o'clock last night studying that physics lesson for this morning, and got caught too. What's more I don't know it yet. It's a cinch for the teacher to be away; here's where I put in an extra hour on physics."

MRS. R.—"Oh, I'm so glad I got here, so afraid I couldn't for my baby has symptoms of measles. And Louise just turned over a can of paint in the hall."

"RUTH, (enters slowly)—"Girls, have you gotten Sherman out of the Library?"

ALL—"No."

MRS. R.—"I'll run get it."

RUTH—"Oh, girls! do let me go. I haven't done a thing."

ALL—"I wonder what we have done."

RUTH—"Here it is, girls."

GEN—"Remember, we have that well balanced dinner to work out before Miss Harris returns"—(goes to the board)—"What do you all want to eat?"

MRS. R.—"Let's have some kind of meat. I adore steak, but I don't know how to fix it."

RUTH, (sweetly)—"Oh girls, do let me do that."

Gen writes on the board.....Steak.

MRS. R.—"Peas have as much protein as two or three other vegetables, let's work peas out. Of course we want them creamed.

Gen writes on the board.....Peas.

RUTH—"And potatoes have so much carbo-hydrate in them. Do let's have potatoes."

FLASTACOWO • 1912

No protest, so Gen writes on the board.....Potatoes.

DAG—"How about asparagus and tomato salad?"

GEN, (emphatically)—"You can have the salad but no asparagus for me."

DAG, (reading *Everybody's*)—"Who's going to figure the salad? There's the lettuce, tomatoes and dressing—too complex for me."

RUTH—"Oh, let me do that."

MRS. R.—"I know one thing—I want a frozen dessert."

DAG—"I don't, I want tapioco cream pudding. What luck, here it is worked out." Looking up, she sees Genevieve's frown—"Please, don't say that you don't like that, too."

GEN—"It's edible but we need something that will give more calories."

RUTH—"The rate I am working I know that I'll need more calories per kilo."

GEN—"What shall I put down for dessert?"

MRS. R.—"Well, we'll have to take that tapioco,—what do you call it Dagmar? Do you know how to make it?"

DAG (emphatically)—"Yes sir, I am past grand—Oh! dear, there goes the bell."

GEN (distressed)—"We will have to come back after chapel and finish. We haven't even begun to think about the cost."

RUTH—"I'll do that tonight, girlies, do let me do that, I haven't done a thing."

A WEEK LATER

THE WELL BALANCED DINNER.

Material	Oz.	Grams	Pro gms.	Fat gms.	Ch. gms	Cal.	Cost
Steak	1.3	36	8.4	7.3		100	.03
Peas	4.64	130	8.22	6.25	19.8	181	.049
Potatoes	3.62	102	2.6	.10	21.8	100	.01
Tapioco cream pudding			9.29	11.18	42.30	305	.024
Bread	1.3	38	2.61	.456	20.	100	.003
Tomato salad	4.96	139	3.37	4.43	2.35	74	.034
Butter	.44	13	.13	11.		100	.011
Lemon butter	.45	13	.10	9.	3.	81	.012
Coffee (sugar)	.6	20			20.	76	.008
Nutritive ratio 1:7.4						Cost	.181

ALL SEATED AT THE TABLE.

GEN. and MRS. R.—"We take back all that we said about the tapioco, it is too good for anything."

RUTH—"Did you all know that Miss Harris came back last night? Hush! I hear her rubber heels now."

"Why, good morning girls, I am so pleased to see you all. I know you worked out a perfectly beautiful dinner."

RUTH—"Oh, Miss Harris, we worked so hard. We put an extra hour and a half on Dietetics."

MISS HARRIS—"Girls, you've done beautifully. I don't see that I am needed at all."

"New Book"

Just out and for sale, cheap, A New Household Chemistry for the use of Students in Domestic Science. The Greatest Book of the Age. Written by ten famous chemists. In course of a few years will be used the world over.

SELECTIONS TAKEN FROM IT.

Desks we try so hard to straight,
But in spite we can't them make;
To wash a clean all test tube, nice,
To them this seems to cut no ice,
This "them" I speak to you about,
Is the class that's just gone out.



PROBLEM

Dr. McNeil told Lola that milk could not be both acid and alkaline. She found in a book that it could, which one is correct? Excursions are deemed the most important part of this work. Take one to the State Chemical Laboratory, through the rain, at least once a week.

EXPERIMENT

Object—To make sugar.

To a small amount of pulverized starch add a few drops of H_2O , heat well. Result should be a sugar not quite as sweet as powdered sugar.



EXPERIMENT

Write the reaction of the Equation,
 $KI + 2S = ?$



This is a very dangerous experiment—both time and place should be taken into consideration. The result is sometimes disastrous if carelessly performed. The action is always violent. Best performed in a dark room. Inexperinced experimenters should not attempt it for obvious reasons.

The Tomato and the Corn



The corn which brings to Uncle Sam three billion
by the year,
Was less'ning in its annual yield, and dwindling
did appear;
So men well versed in science lore and lab'ratories
too,
Began to agitate some way and see what they could
do
To get the boys to realize corn values once again
And stimulate them corn to raise, and make the
country's gain.
So corn clubs, corn clubs! we must have and boys
rushed in galore,
They planted corn and raised such corn as was
never seen before;
Till Uncle Sam leaned back and smiled to see his
farming lands
Bring forth once more their goodly store from the
work of manly hands.

But boys need help from girls in even agricult'ral
lines
And their stirring little sisters began to train the
vines;
And such tomatoes ne'er did grow in flavor and in
size,
So juicy and so luscious they often won the prize.
Tomato clubs and canning clubs! began to work
and plan,
They studied plants, they studied fruit and the dif-
ferent ways to can.
With Heart and Hand and Health and Head,—
these four H's as a guide,
The boys and girls will soon become the country's
help and pride:
And Uncle Sam smiles on the while at industries'
reform,
And such results from tilling close the tomatoes
and the corn.



What College Did for Dolly

When Dollie came to college, she, like the rest of us, was confronted with the question,—What course shall I pursue? What can I follow through four long years, and love, love, love through the years to come? Dollie had a little idea in her head before she left home but it would never have done to tell father about it. The Home Economics course appealed to her. There was a B. S. degree, a lot of "math" and science," both of which she particularly liked; and then, she tho't, "Oh, how surprised Daddy and Mammy Rose will be to see me a full-fledged hostess and dressmaker."

Thereupon began Dolly's illustrious career. But what? Was she to cook and sew? To stand over a hot stove and wash dishes? To spend tedious hours plying the needle? It was just here that she made her first great conquest, the victory over the aristocratic southern pride which had been sown in her soul but not deeply rooted there.

At the second cooking lesson, Miss H. made the announcement, "To-day we shall make custard. Is there a girl who does not know how to break an egg?" Dollie looked wise. She didn't know what Miss H. was talking about, but no one answered so she did not express her ignorance. The class went into the kitchen. Miss H. gave the instructions that each girl should take an egg and divide it, using only the yolk for the custard. Dolly became more puzzled, but resolved to make an attempt. She took the egg, cracked the shell on the edge of the desk and poured the whole egg into a platter. Then, with a knife she tried to cut the yolk from the white; of course, the yolk broke, and therefore she grappled after it with a spoon. "It sure is stubborn," she exclaimed; then in a despairing tone, "Miss H., I don't believe this egg is good." Miss H. came to the rescue, and by explanation and demonstration, put some egg knowledge into Dolly's brain.

Ha! That first cake! "Why, Fido wouldn't even smell of this," she said, holding it up on the palm of her hand. "Look at the row of black mountains around the edge and the brown barren valleys in the center. Well, ten cents saved anyhow."

In spite of these disappointments, Dolly smiled. By Thanksgiving, she had stopped scowling at dish-washing and the burns and scalds on her hands were quite healed. She was alive with interest in her work. Instead of spending money at the corner store, the extra dimes and nickles went into the cooking department. If a failure appeared, there was a second attempt. In the cheese straw lesson, she made double quantity so that her friends might profit by her success.

A week before Christmas, the class made fondant. Just mention fondant to Dolly, to this day and she will shriek out, "Thrice-cooked fondant! Oh, I never had such a time in my life. I thought I was going to be smart and get mine done first. Hum; I was the last. In the first place I cooked it too long; the second time I didn't beat it enough, and the third time it turned out grainy. It went anyhow. I made it up into chocolate creams. Creamy? Oh, no, but brother didn't know the difference. It was just a Christmas present."

After the three months of preliminaries and hardships, Dolly's course was plain sailing. The practical work made the stumbling blocks. English,

German, Chemistry and Dietetics did not phase her. She gloried in her remarkable success and after four long years the finishing time was at hand. Daddy came to see his daughter graduate in the Home Economics Course, "the scientific and economic study of food and its uses in the home" as Dolly described it to him. Her thesis was so enveloped in calories and food composition that it was like so much Greek to father. Yet he listened and smiled with satisfaction at her splendid appearance and delivery. The Governor presented each of the Home Economics girls with a pin in the shape of a miniature gold frying pan. To father this was absurd and when Dolly sought his approval, he examined it with a frown but said nothing.

Dolly was so anxious to get home and begin her series of surprises, that she didn't even take a day for rest but went straight into the kitchen and told Mammy Rose that she was going to prepare breakfast.

"Bless de chile's heart," murmured Mammy. "Does she 'speck I's gwine to 'llow her to stand in dis hot place an' cook an fry."

"Yes, Mammy," answered Dolly, "I'm a Twentieth Century American Girl now and my place is as much in the kitchen as in the parlor. Watch me make this omelet. And I'm going to have some of the best coffee you ever drank."

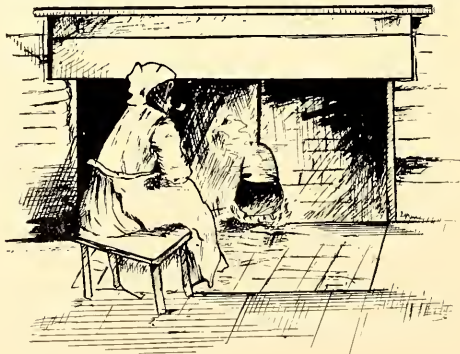
Mammy shook her head. "Dis ain't no place fer you, honey. I dunno nuthin' bout dees 'Merican Girls, but if dis is de kind, I'd like to know what we's old Mammies is gwine do."

"Look at this yankee biscuit, Mammy. That was just like University dough."

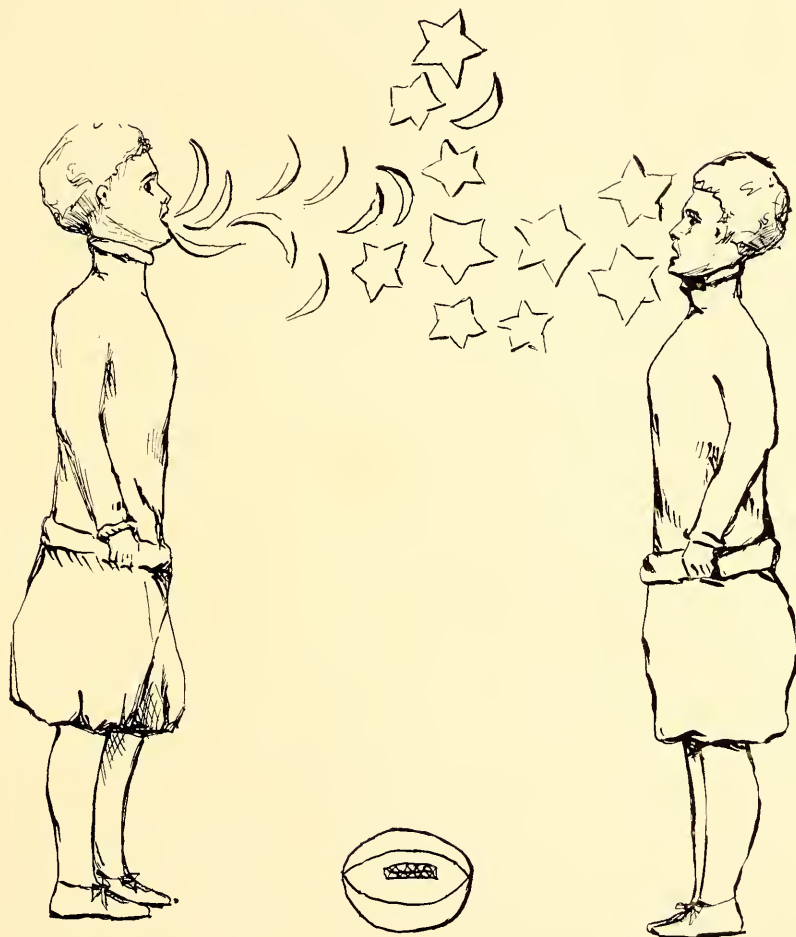
The father could not find words to express his surprise and delight with the breakfast, cooked and served by his daughter. But Dolly made herself famous by giving to some of her father's friends a dinner. She proved a delightfully entertaining hostess. Nor did her father hesitate to praise her competency before his guests, but was careful to mention every feature, from her skill at the piano to the embroidery on her dress and the setting of the table.

Mammy Rose, by her own fireside often mused over the change in the Pendleton household. In her soliloquy she would expound the virtue of Dolly. Again and again she would say, "Mas Pendleton, if you knows what a gol' mine ye's got in dat chile, ye'll keep her right by ye. Dere's none of dese Southern dudes dat's good 'nough for dat 'Merican lady in my opinion."

She stayed. She couldn't leave Dolly with everything, although the girl might have managed it alone. Dolly took charge of the household. She became a useful member in society; her presence was sought everywhere and those who were entertained in her home considered themselves honored. Her father gloried in her ability and frequently mentioned the stimulus of the gold frying pan.



ATHLETICS





Let no one think because our college is a College for Women or because we do not have inter-collegiate athletics, that we do not take an interest in athletics. We try to live up to our College Motto, "Femina perfecta vires artes mores," in every respect. We believe that God has given us muscle as well as neurones which He intended for us to develop and use.

Very often some member of the faculty takes us for a walk on Sunday afternoons. Because of so much cold weather during the winter, the swimming club has been unable to accomplish much yet, but the club is organized all ready to swim when warm weather comes. In connection with the swimming club we expect to have the game of water polo. Mr. Williams and Mr. Smith have consented to coach the games when we have enough expert swimmers.

Physical culture is required of those students resident on the campus except in a few instances.

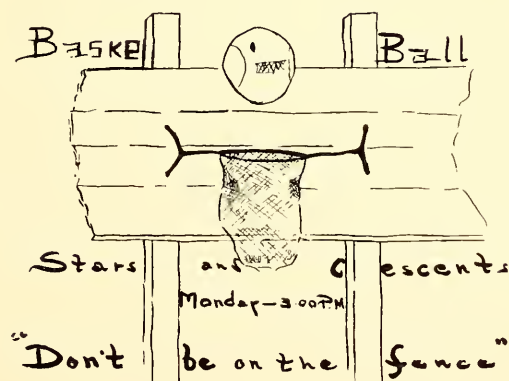
During the last three years there has been an increase in the interest taken in tennis. On account of so much rain the girls have been unable to play tennis as much as they like, but they make good use of the time when it is dry enough. Later in the spring we expect to have a tennis tournament.

Judging from chapel announcements for the last three years, Mr. Williams has worked faithfully to start up the game of field hockey. He has the sticks and balls and at one time had the team organized, but Mr. Kellum thinks too much of his grass to give us a court to play on.

There is more real live enthusiasm shown by the basket ball girls than is shown by those interested in any other athletics. This enthusiasm comes from real interest in the games, for we do not play with girls from other colleges or even give open games to which the general public are invited.

However, basket ball has more hindrances than any other of the athletics. Students who live in town, except a very few, take no interest in it. Students taking the Teachers' Course and those who take the Spring Review Course say they have no time to play basket ball. The music faculty have a dislike for it. From the fact that one hundred thirteen students take piano and ten take violin, you can see how far their influence extends. It is quite evident that our trained nurse would rather give pills and capsules often than put liniment on a sprained finger or salve on a skinned knee once in a while. In spite of all these hindrances, under the skillful management of our excellent coach, Mr. Smith, the interest in basket ball has increased till now we have forty regular players. After several weeks' practice, the coach divided the players as evenly as possible into two teams—Stars and Crescents. Since that time those teams have practiced separately. We play strictly according to the rules given in Spaulding's Official Basket Ball Guide for Women. Two series of match games have been arranged—three games between the second teams of each side and three between the first teams. The first game of each series has been played. The Stars won the game between the second teams and the Crescents that between the first. Faculty and students showed a great deal of interest and enthusiasm. All the girls and most of the faculty took sides. The Star rooters collected on one side of the court, the Crescents on the other, to witness each game. After the games were over Star sympathizers expressed their enthusiasm by burning the Crescent colors and also by giving their players a feast. The Crescents gave their players an automobile ride.

Every one is anxiously waiting the outcome of the games, which at the time this is written are yet to be played.





Stars

HILDA BAILE, ... Captain
BESSIE EDDY, ... Manager

FIRST TEAM

MYRTLE MORGAN, . . Forward
MYRTICE DEAN, . . Forward
HILDA BAILE, . . . Forward
MARGARET SPRINKLE, Center
MARY TUCKER, . . . Guard
CONSTANCE BISHOP, . . Guard
ANGELINE YENT, . . . Guard

SECOND TEAM

NELLIE KENNARD, . . Forward
CORNELIA LEFFLER, . . Forward
ELBERTA HENTZ, Center
BELLE DAVIS, ... Guard
MARGARET MERCHANT, . Guard

SUBS.

GEORGIA PATTISHALL, Forward
CARRIE BLOUNT, . . Forward
BESSIE O'STEEN, . . Forward
LEONORA FRIER, . . Forward
INA STAPP, ... Forward

FLORA HALL, ... Center
HELEN CARTER, . . . Guard
IVA ROWLETT, . . . Guard
LUCILE BELLINGER, . . Guard



Crescents

LIZZIE NORTON, ... Captain
 AGNES GRANBERRY, . . . Manager

FIRST TEAM

IRMA WILLIAMS, . .	Forward	LIZZIE NORTON, . . .	Guard
BERYL HARRISON, . .	Forward	LOUISE WETHERELL, . .	Guard
MARY VERDERY, . .	Forward	EMMA LEE KING, . . .	Guard
IRENE SMITH, Center			

SECOND TEAM

MARGARET THOMPSON, .	Forward	FANNIE MCCLENNY, . .	Guard
ETHEL HUMPHRIES, . .	Forward	ALBERTA ARNOLD, . . .	Guard
EVELYN LUMSDEN, . .	Forward	GLADYS DUPUIS, . . .	Guard
ADELAIDE BELL, . . .	Forward	JOHNNIE DAMPIER, . . .	Guard
MOZELLE DURST, . . .	Forward	MINNIE LARKIN, . . .	Guard
SARAH FERGUSON, Center			
VIRGINIA TILLER, Center			
LAURA KEMP, Center			
GEORGE WARE SMITH, Mascot			





Ad Finem Fidelis

(FAITHFUL TO THE END.)

Through a day of work and worry,
Yet a little nearer Thee;
One day less for toil and striving
One day less for rivalry.
One more day of joy and pleasure,
Spent a little selfishly
For ourselves as well as others;
God in Heaven help us be
Ad finem fidelis.

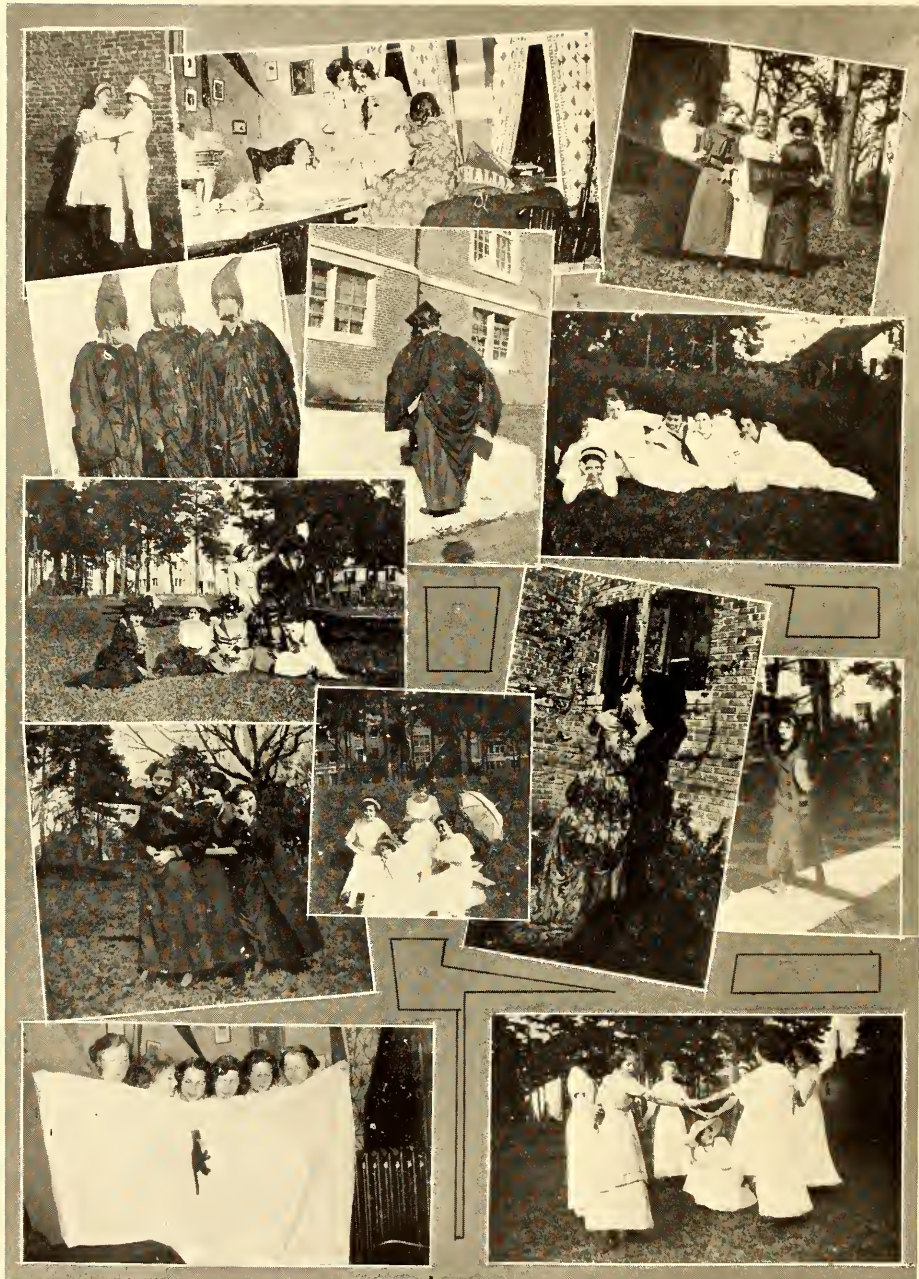
Another year is spent in service
In consecrated love to Thee;
Keep us in the path that leads us
To the life that is to be.
Make us know that helping others
Is one way of helping Thee,
And in giving, we're receiving;
Lord we pray Thee help us be
Ad finem fidelis.

When indulging in the pleasures
Thou hast giv'n o'er all the land,
'Tis then, O Lord, we need Thy guidance
With Thine ever helping hand.
When our thoughts are only selfish,
To our own comforts do we see,
Then we should, self-sacrificing,
Endeavor earnestly to be
Ad finem fidelis.

When our journey's end is nearing,
Closing o'er our earthly life,
There will be no days of longing,
No more need for toil and strife.
How like music will the words be!
"Thou my joy may enter in;
Thou wert faithful over little,
Yea, good servant, thou hast been
'Ad finem fidelis.'"

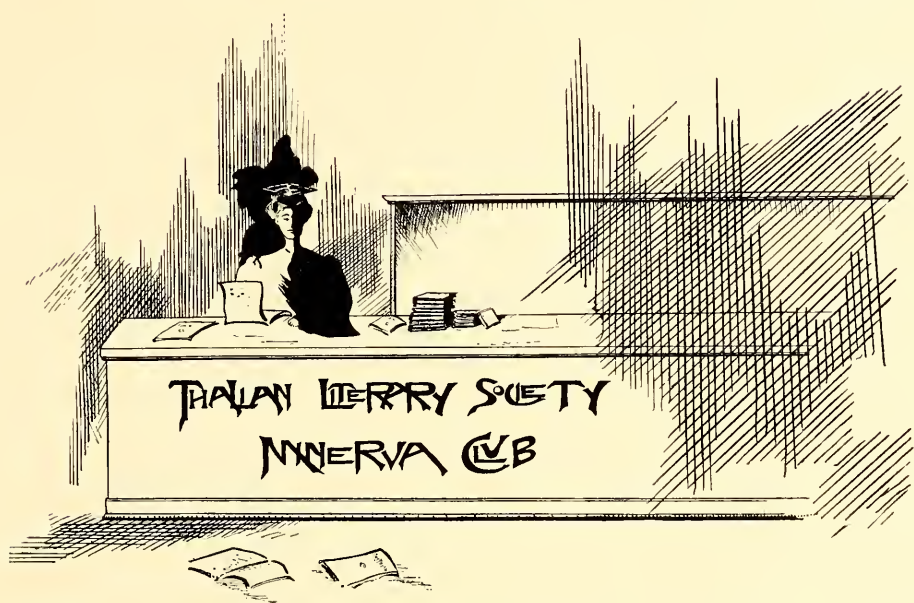
MARIAN SNOWDEN.





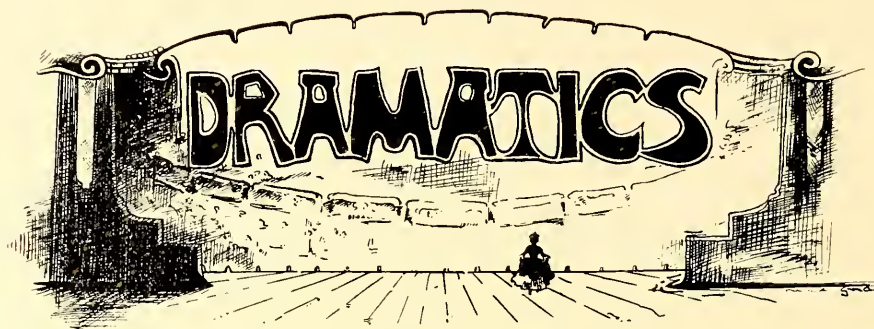
THE

TALISMAN



PUBLISHED QUARTERLY

JOE BERTA BRYAN, M. C., ... Editor in Chief
ALMA PARLIN, T. L. S., ... Business Manager
RUTH OTWELL, M. C., ... Literary Editor



“The Ladies of Cranford”

Cast of Characters

Miss Matilda Jenkyns, ...	CAROL PERRENOT
Miss Mary Smith, ...	JOE BERTA BRYAN
Miss Jessie Brown, ...	CRILL BURTON
Miss Pole, ...	JESSIE PARTRIDGE
Mrs. Forrester, ...	LUCILE MITCHELL
Miss Betty Barker, ...	AGNES GRANBERRY
The Hon. Mrs. Jamieson, ...	FLORA HALL
Martha, ...	ITALIE MORRIS
Peggy, ...	ELIZABETH SPEARS
Mrs. Purkis, ...	BLANCHE PATTISHALL
Little Susan, ...	MARTHA POPE
Jennie, ...	INA STAPP
James, ...	REES WILLIAMS

MOCK FACULTY

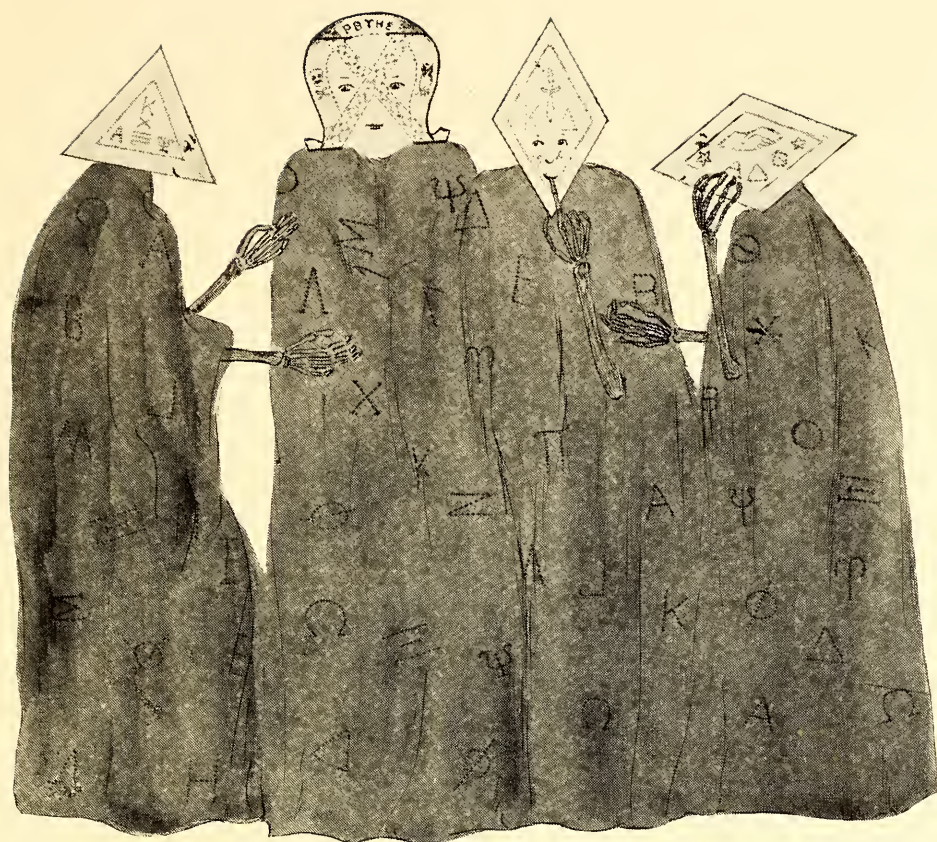
Director, LUCILE MITCHELL

COLONIAL CONCERT

(GLEE CLUB)

Comedy: “*Thank Heaven the Table Is Set.*”

(THE GERMAN CLUB)



FRATERNITIES

LOUISE WETHE





Kappa Alpha Chapter of Kappa Delta

INSTALLED 1904

SORORES IN FACULTATE

INEZ ABERNETHY CLARA E. FARRINGTON RUTH ANNE JOHNSON

SORORES IN COLLEGIO

EUGENIA CARTER '13	BLANCHE GLENN '14
HELEN CARTER '13	GLADYS GROSE '14
CONSTANCE CAVELL '14	FRANCES LONG '14
LOTTIE CORDES '12	ITALIE MORRIS '14
IRMA DESILVA '13	ALMA PARLIN '13
JESSIE PARTRIDGE '13	KATE WEBB '14

SORORES IN URBE

MRS. BESSIE SAXON AUSLEY	MARY ROBERTSON
LENA CLIFTON BYRD	MRS. LUCILE SAXON PALMER
EVA CHILD	HELEN SAXON
LOUISE CLARK	RUBY BYRD
MRS. MARY MURPHREE MEGINNISS	

PATRONESSES

MISS BLANCHE BLAKE	MRS. DEXTER M. LOWRY
MRS. L. B. BYRD	MRS. GEORGE PERKINS
MRS. NELLIE CLARK	MRS. GEO. W. SAXON

Kappa Delta Fraternity

FOUNDED 1897

Open Motto: "We strive for that which is noblest."

Publication: The Angelos.

Colors: Green and White.

Flower: White Rose.

CHAPTER ROLL

Alpha, ...	Farmville, Va.	State Normal School
Alpha Gamma, ...	Cedar Rapids, Ia.	Coe College
Gamma, ...	Hollins, Va.	Hollins Institute
Epsilon, ...	Baton Rouge, La.	Louisiana State University
Epsilon, ...	Lexington, Ky.	University of Lexington
Zeet, ...	Tuscaloosa, Ala.	University of Alabama
Theta, ...	Lynchburg, Va.	Randolph-Macon Woman's College
Kappa Alpha, ...	Tallahassee, Fla.	Florida State College for Women
Lambda, ...	Evanston, Ill.	Northwestern University
Omicron, ...	Bloomington, Ill.	Wesleyan University
Phi Delta, ...	Raleigh, N. C.	St. Mary's School
Phi Psi, ...	Washington, D. C.	Fairmont Seminary
Sigma, ...	Washington, D. C.	Gunston Hall
Sigma Sigma, ...	Ames, Ia.	Iowa State College

ALUMNAE

Charlotte Alumna, ...	Charlotte, N. C.
Montgomery Alumna, ...	Montgomery, Ala.
Tuscaloosa Alumna, ...	Tuscaloosa, Ala.
Mobile Alumna, ...	Mobile, Ala.
Chicago Alumna, ...	Chicago, Ill.
Selma Alumna, ...	Selma, Ala.
New York Alumna, ...	New York City
Birmingham Alumna, ...	Birmingham, Ala.

CHAPTER ROLL

Kappa, . . .	University of Nebraska	Lincoln, Neb.
Iota, . . .	University of Texas	Austin, Tex.
Theta, . . .	West Virginia University	Morgantown, W. Va.
Eta, . . .	University of Michigan	Ann Arbor, Mich.
Zeta, . . .	University of Colorado	Boulder, Colo.
Epsilon, . . .	Brenard College	New York, N. Y.
Delta, . . .	Dickinson College	Carlisle, Pa.
Gamma, . . .	Florida State College for Women . .	Tallahassee, Fla.
Beta, . . .	Colby College	Waterville, Me.
Alpha, . . .	University of Washington	Seattle, Wash.
Psi Alpha, . .	University of Oregon	Eugene, Ore.
Chi Alpha, . .	Tufts' College	Everett, Mass.
Phi Alpha, . .	George Washington University . . .	Washington, D. C.
Psi, . . .	University of Arkansas	Fayetteville, Ark.
Chi, . . .	Transylvania University	Lexington, Ky.
Upsilon, . . .	Union University	Jackson, Tenn.
Tau, . . .	University of Mississippi	University, Miss.
Sigma, . . .	Randolph-Macon Woman's College . .	Lynchburg, Va.
Rho, . . .	Tulane University	New Orleans, La.
Pi, . . .	University of Tennessee	Knoxville, Tenn.
Omicron, . . .	University of Illinois	Champaign, Ill.
Xi, . . .	Northwestern University	Evanston, Ill.
Nu, . . .	University of Wisconsin	Madison, Wis.
Mu, . . .	University of California	Berkley, Cal.
Lambda, . . .	University of Kansas	Lawrence, Kan.
Upsilon, . . .	Alpha University of Syracuse	Syracuse, N. Y.

ALUMNAE CHAPTERS

Fayetteville, Ark.	Chicago, Ill.	Denver, Colo.
Washington, D. C.	Kansas City, Mo.	Des Moines, Ia.
Lexington, Ky.	New York, N. Y.	Milwaukee, Wis.
Oxford, Miss.	Texarkana, Ark.	San Francisco, Cal.
Knoxville, Tenn.	New Orleans, La.	Portland, Ore.
	Lynchburg, Va.	

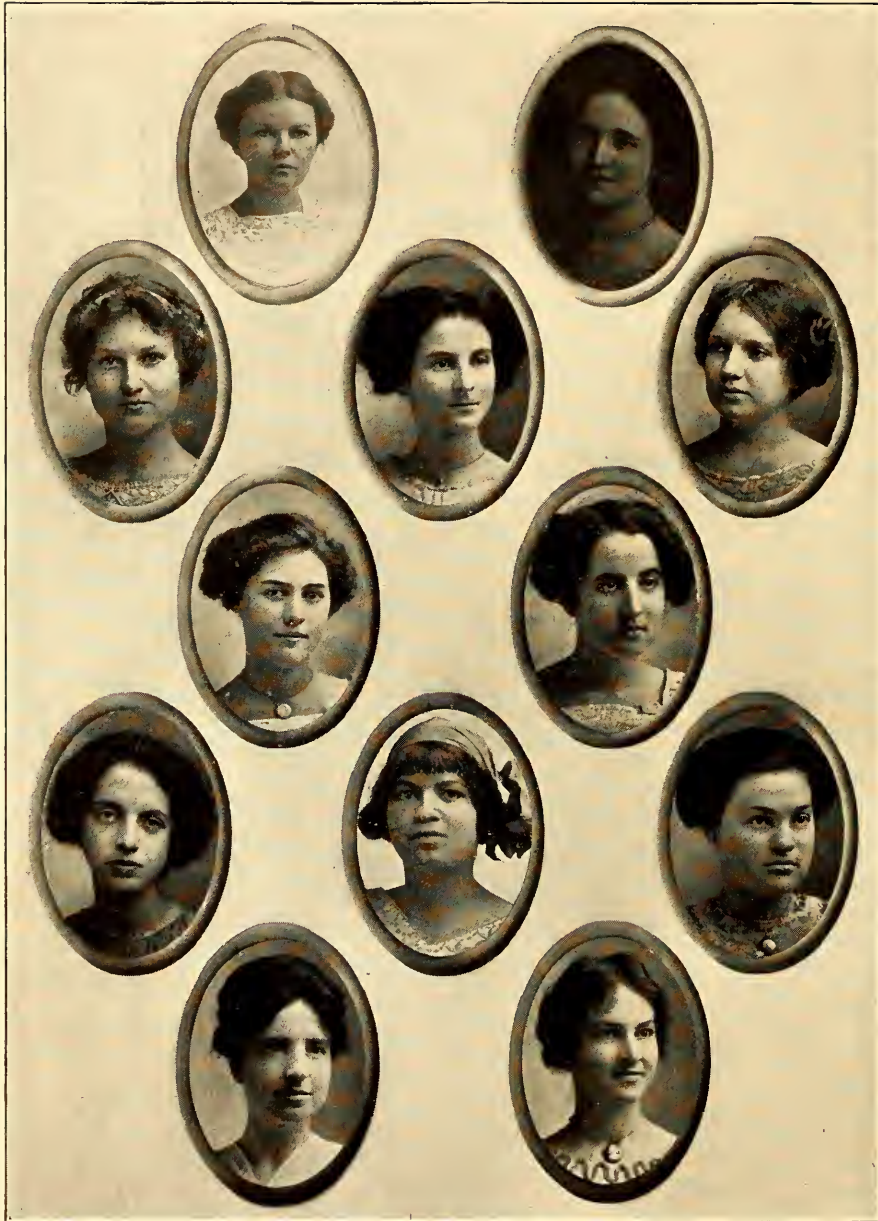




ИЛЛЮСТРАЦИЯ.

Chi Omega Fraternity

FOUNDED 1895

Publication: Eleusis.

Secret Publication: Mystagogue.

Colors: Cardinal and Straw.

Flower: White Carnation.

CHI OMEGA, GAMMA CHAPTER

INSTALLED 1908

SORORES IN COLLEGIO

CLASS OF 1912

Agnes Granberry Joe Berta Bryan

CLASS OF 1913

Eugene Nolan Olive Petty

CLASS OF 1914

Josephine Drane Iva Rowlett
Cornelia Leffler Clarine Hoyt

CLASS OF 1915

Mary Verdery Bertie Patterson

SORORES IN URBE

Fenton Davis Sara Spears
Mary Douglas Lewis Mrs. W. J. Oven
Arabell Hopkins

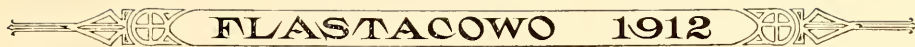
SORORES IN FACULTATE

Hallie Lewis Rowena Longmire
Ruth Reynolds

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Mrs. J. W. Henderson Mrs. W. G. Dodd
Mrs. L. M. Lively Mrs. J. F. McNeill
Mrs. T. M. Shackleford





Alpha Kappa Psi Fraternity

FOUNDED 1904

Open Motto: Ever Upward

Publication: Trigonon

Colors: Sky Blue and Gold. *Flower:* Forget-me-not.

ETA CHAPTER

INSTALLED 1907

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CLASS OF 1913

Lola M. Snider

CLASS OF 1914

Gladys Graham Louise Wetherell

Annie Mae Williams

CLASS OF 1915

Nancy Nichol Constance Bishop

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Mrs. George Lewis	Mrs. Fred Hudson
Mrs. A. C. Spiller	Mrs. Edward Conradi
Mrs. Fred T. Myers	Miss Carrie Brevard
Miss Sallie Blake	

CHAPTER ROLL

Delta, ...	Wesleyan College Macon, Ga.
Tau, ...	Fairmont School Monteagle, Tenn.
Eta, ...	Florida State College for Women Tallahassee, Fla.
Sigma Nu, ...	John B. Stetson University De Land, Fla.
Zeta, ...	Gunston Hall Washington, D. C.
Gamma, ...	Shorter College Rome, Ga.
Beta, ...	Fitzhugh School Fort Worth, Tex.
Kappa, ...	Carnegie Institute Pittsburg, Pa.

ALUMNAE ASSOCIATIONS

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Atlanta Alumnae, ...	Atlanta, Ga.
Camden Alumnae, ...	Camden, S. C.
Savannah Alumnae, ...	Savannah, Ga.
Portsmouth Alumnae, ...	Portsmouth, Va.
Macon Alumnae, ...	Macon, Ga.

Alpha Delta Phi Fraternity

FOUNDED 1851

Open Motto: "We live for each other."

Publication: The Adelphean.

Colors: Blue and White.

Flower: Violet.

CHAPTER ROLL

Alpha, ...	Wesleyan Female College
	Macon, Ga.
Delta, ...	University of Texas
	Austin, Tex.
Epsilon, ...	Sophie Newcomb
	New Orleans, La.
Zeta, ...	South Western University
	Georgetown, Tex.
Theta, ...	Lawrence University
	Appleton, Wis.
Iota, ...	Florida State College for Women
	Tallahassee, Fla.
Kappa, ...	Judson College
	MARION, ALA.
Lambda, ...	Brenau College
	Gainesville, Ga.
Mu, ...	Woman's College of Alabama
	Montgomery, Ala.
Nu, ...	Randolph-Macon Woman's College
	Lynchburg, Va.
Omicron, ...	Trinity College
	Durham, N. C.
Pi, ...	Iowa State College
	Ames, Ia.
Rho, ...	Boston University
	Boston, Mass.
Sigma, ...	University of Illinois
	Urbana, Ill.

ALUMNAE CHAPTERS

Oxford Alumnae, ...	Oxford, Ga.
Macon Alumnae, ...	Macon, Ga.
Atlanta Alumnae, ...	Atlanta, Ga.
Delta Alumnae, ...	Abeline, Tex.
South Georgia Alumnae, ...	Pelham, Ga.
Bata Alumnae, ...	Winston-Salem, N. C.
New Orleans Alumnae, ...	New Orleans, La.
Shreveport Alumnae, ...	Shreveport, La.
Birmingham Alumnae, ...	Birmingham, Ala.





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Iota Chapter of Alpha Delta Phi

INSTALLED 1909

SORORES IN COLLEGIO

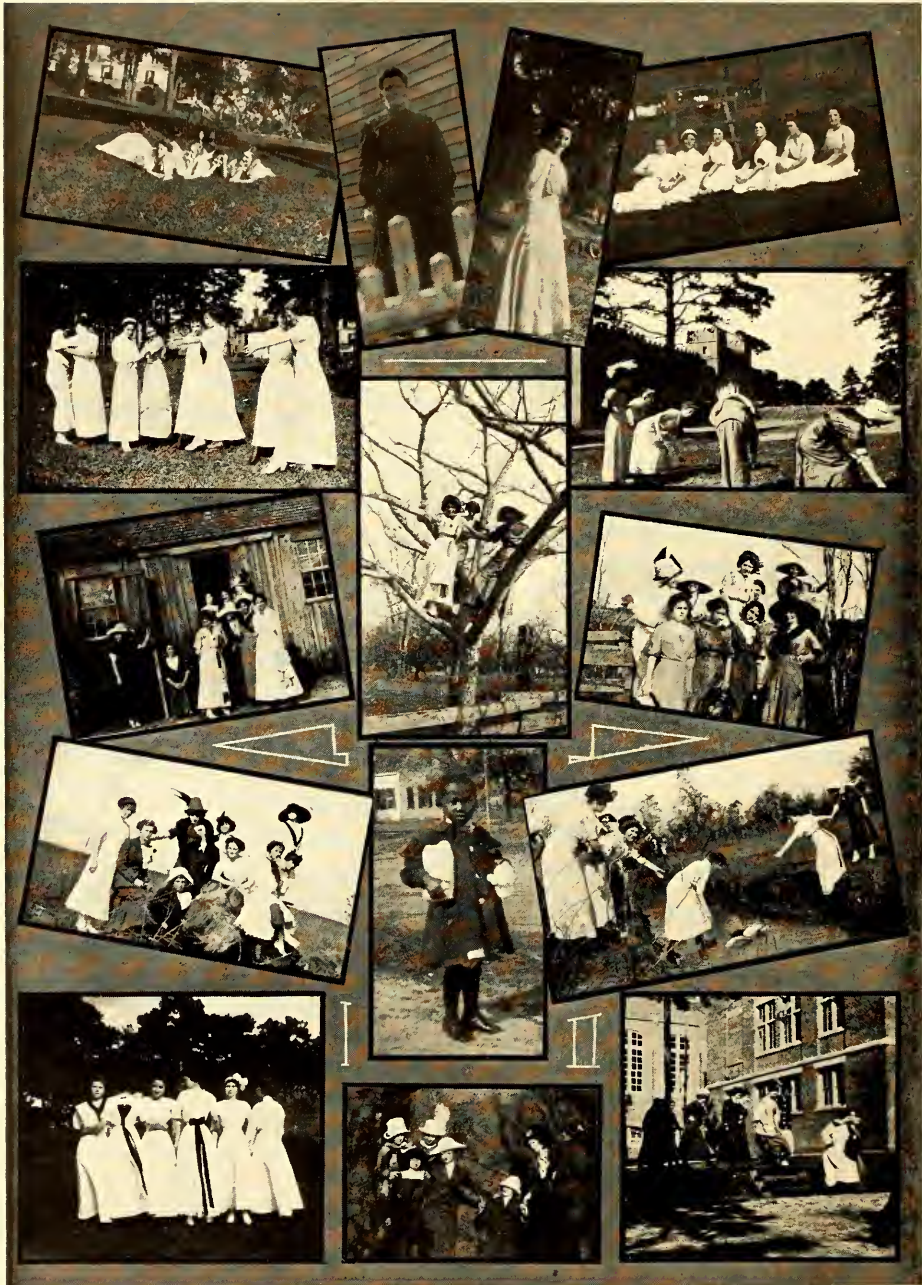
Virginia Ames	Ione Hough
Adele Boyd	Nell Kinney
Crill Burton	Frances Kyle
Blonza Cates	Virginia Kyle
Hallie Deaton	Mary Mahon
Mary Deaton	Eloise McGriff
Ethel Durst	Dagmar Nielsen
Mozelle Durst	Corinne Patterson
Hazel Hough	Effie Pettit
Nannie Reese	

SORORES IN URBE

Omerea Holloway	Susie McGriff
Mrs. Williams	

PATRONESSES

Mrs. Chas. Cay	Mrs. J. E. McNair
Mrs. G. W. Gwynn	Mrs. James Messer
Mrs. James Houston	Mrs. W. O. Wright





Classical
German
Minerva
Thalian
Glee
Leap-Year
I Ata Pi
Lambs



The Minerva Club

Colors: Dark Green and White. *Flower:* Carnation.

Motto: Self-knowledge, Self-reverence, Self-control.

The Minerva Club is very fortunate in having selected for its study for 1911-12 that part of the Bay View Reading Course dealing with Italy and Greece. It is proving to be a most interesting and instructive study. Our knowledge concerning these countries is fast changing from a vague, indefinite mass of details to positive and well defined facts. Our meetings, on the whole, are well attended, and the programs are extremely well rendered. The open meeting given on December 9, 1911, is a fair representative of the works being done by the Minerva Club. The program consisted of the following numbers:

Piano Solo—"Chorus and Dance of the Elves,"	Dubois, ...	GEORGIA PATTISHALL
Paper—"Venice, the Dream City of the Adriatic,"		EFFIE PETTIT
Vocal Solo—"My Laddie,"	William Thayer, ...	JOE BERTA BRYAN
Paper—"Venetian Painting,"		FLORA HALL
Paper—"Venetian Architecture,"		BERTHA LANGLEY
College Items,		VIRGINIA TILLER
Piano Solo—"Valse Caprice,"	Chaminade, ...	CAROL PERRENOT



Thalian Literary Society

Colors: Purple and White.

Flower: Violet.

Motto: "Knowledge is power."

OFFICERS—FIRST SEMESTER

LOTTIE CORDES,	President
BESSIE EDDY,	Vice-President
LOLA SNIDER,	Secretary
LUCILE MITCHELL,	Treasurer

OFFICERS—SECOND SEMESTER

HALLIE DEATON,	President
ALMA PARLIN,	Vice-President
HILDA BAILE,	Secretary
BESSIE EDDY,	Treasurer



All the Florida Woman's College is divided into three classes,—the Barbarians, who know no Latin and Greek; the Philistines, narrow-minded persons, who lend not their sympathy to the study of Classics; and the Hellenes, who, in their own language, are called the Classicum Concilium.

The Classicum Concilium was established by that man, Dr. Boyd, ready at need, October, 1909. It has flourished ever since, the same man being leader. Its members this year number thirty students and a larger list of honorary members than last year, though not so large as its membership ought to be. Through the blindness of their choice the Barbarians perish, who prefer not the study of Latin and Greek to their own infatuation for ease and idleness,—as many as fled from the English Classical Course as from sheer destruction. But Dr. Boyd, ready at need, bethought him in his heart how the Hellenes might be a Classicum Concilium, if perchance they would hearken. And their high hearts consented thereto. And so it was. But whensoever a Barbarian is lured into the Classicum Concilium, she is kindly entreated, and urged to return, in the hopes that she may perceive the error of her way, and become one of the Hellenes. For never do the long-haired Achaeans violate the sacred laws of hospitality.

Moreover, not only is Dr. Boyd, ready at need, a friend of the Hellenes, but many of the gods, even the Cloud-gatherer himself, lord of Olympic councils, visit the Classicum Concilium, and allow their divine thoughts to escape the door of their lips. So you know, how vainly mortal men do blame the gods! Nay, so much interest have they in the Classicum Concilium, that many demand for themselves an opportunity to address the Hellenes. And so, of a truth, in November, 1911, Dr. Boyd, ready at need, even the founder and supporter of the Classicum Concilium, uttered his voice and spoke winged words on the pronunciation of Latin and Greek proper names. For the Hellenes care for such things as these. In December, Herr Marienburger, one of the Germans who live across the Rhine, spoke to the Hellenes about Ovid. And so fluently did he translate the story of Daedalus and Icarus, that even the Virgil class was delighted in their hearts. Dean Salley, skilled in sage counsels, discoursed on the idiosyncrasies of Thomas Alva Edison. For is not everything interesting to the Hellenes,—the things that have been, the things that are and the things that are to come? Nay, even the Cloud-gatherer himself, inasmuch as he was born in February, and the month is dear to his heart, yearned to address the Classicum Concilium at the February meeting. So also Dr. Dodd, of the far-born voice, and great hearted Prof. Williams.

And behold! all these things now have an end.

Der
Deutsche
Club



**Program der Eroeffnungsfeier am Montag, den fuenften Februar,
des Jahres 1912, zu Tallahassee, Florida**

ERSTER THEIL.

1. Begruessung.....Herr Dr. Boyd
2. Deklamation
"Der Fischer" von Goethe (1778)
.....Frl. Ballard
3. Lied
"Ach wie ist's moeglich dann"
von Helmina von Chézy (nach
einem alten Volksliede).....
.....Der Deutsche Club
4. Piano Solo
Staccato Etude in C von Anton
Rubinstein.....Frl. Johnson
5. Deklamation
"Des Saengers Fluch" von Uh-
land (1814).....Herr Marienburger
6. Ansprache des Praesidenten.....
.....Herr Dr. Conradi
7. Gesang Solo
"Bitte." Von Robert Franz.....
.....Frl. Chreitzberg
8. Lied
"Du, du liegst mir im Herzen"
Volkslied. Dichter and Com-
ponist unbekannt (1820).....
.....Der Deutsche Club

ERFRISCHUNGEN.

ZWEITER THEIL.

9. Deklamation
"Du bist wie eine Blume"
Heinrich Heine (1823).....
.....Frl. Marie Deaton
10. Piano Solo
"Fuenfter Waltzer" von Goudard
.....Frl. Merchant
11. Lied
"In einem kuehlen Grunde".....
von Joseph von Eichendorff
(1809).....Der Deutsche Club
12. Gesang Solo
"Der Lindenbaum" von Wilhelm
Mueller (1822).....Herr Dr. Dodd
13. Deklamation
"Der Saenger" von Goethe
(1878).....Frl. Hallie Deaton
14. Lied
"Soldatenliebe" von Wilhelm
Hauff (1824).....Der Deutsche Club
15. Deklamation
"Der Erlkoenig" von Goethe
(1780).....Frl. Tiller
16. Amerika.

AUF WIEDERSEHEN!

Lustspiel von Leon Gozlau
"Gott sei Dank der Tisch ist gedeckt"
(Presented by Der Deutsche Club)



Glee Club

Soprano:

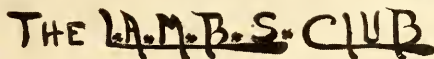
Ruth McIlvaine
Olive Petty
Myrtice Dean

Second Soprano:

Margaret Merchant
Constance Bishop
Bessie Eddy

Alto:

Constance Cavell
Winnifred Streater
Joe Berta Bryan



Motto:
"We Live in Clover"

Slang Expression:
* "Nothin' like waggin' your own tail" *

* "you Poor Little Lamb" *
Song:
Call:

"B a c k t o b a c k t o b a c k t o b a c k"

* Flock *

HALLIE DEATON: "Frisky"

MARY DEATON: "Spot"

DAGMAR NIELSEN: "Fleecy"

VIRGINIA KYLE: "Woolie"

NANNIE REESE: "Nannie"

CRILL BURTON: "Baby Lamb"

Black Sheep of the Flock: {HILDA BAILE: "Day"
 {FRANCES KYLE: "Night"

Honorary Member:

Dr. Dodd



I-Ate-A-Pie

Olive Petty
Mary Verdery
Iva Rowlett
Viola Wade
Doris Knight
Emma Lee King
Cornelia Leffler
Louise Wetherell

Josephine Drane
Elizabeth Parkhill
Gene Nolan
Myrtice Dean
Mary Hall
Constance Bishop
Carol Perrenot
Irma DeSilva

Bessie Eddy
Rubie McLin
Antoinette DeCottes
Nellie Kennard
Bab Parkhill
Nancy Nichol
Gladys Graham
Joe Berta Bryan

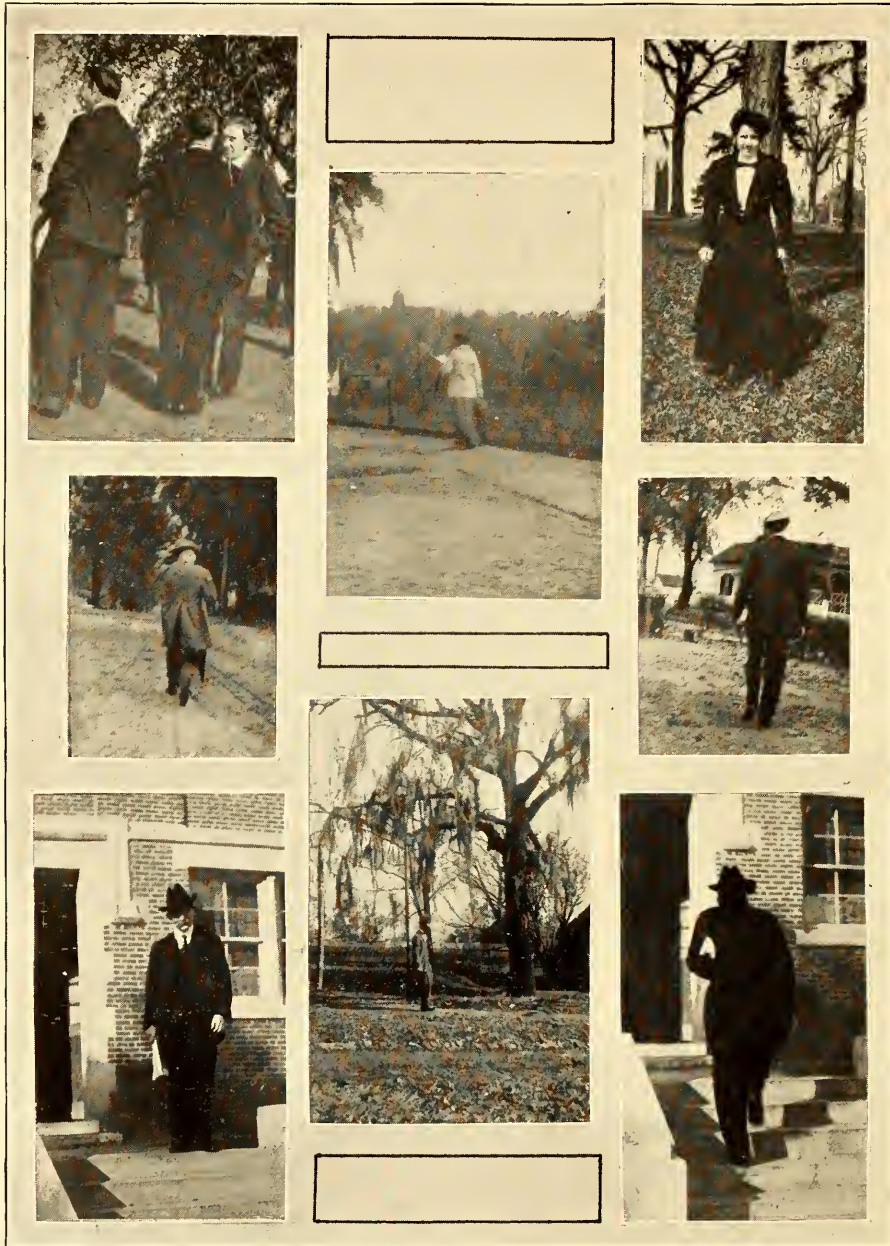


Leap Year Club

Motto: Faint heart ne'er won fair man.

—
If every year were a leap year
And the world upside down,
If things were topsy-turvy
And proposing turned around—





CUTS ^{AND} GRINDS





SENIOR JINGLES



A dillar, a dollar,
An ever absent Scholar,
Margaret, what causes your absence, my dear,
You used to come but twice a week
And now you are seldom here.

Eloise, Eloise, wilt thou be mine?
Thou shalt not hard study,
Nor at school be on time,
But sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam,
And feed upon strawberries, sugar and cream.

Little Miss Nancy sat on a stool
Before a canvas so large,
And painted on it a picture so well
That it brought from the world great applause.

Nannie, Nannie fell fast asleep
And dreamed Annual Material completed,
But when she awoke, she found it a joke
And alas, only time had fled.

Genevieve's course doth surely tell
The height of her ambition
Now in our college to do well,
Then rule in some man's kitchen.

The teacher will frown and announce us a theme
And what will poor Ethel do
 Poor thing
She will sit in her room
She'll moan and she'll swoon
And wish she was dead long ago
 Poor thing.

Lizzie and Edith had each just prepared,
An experiment so nicely to do,
When lo there came an arm
Which did the greatest of harm
For it knocked off the Mn O₂.

Mistress Mary, quite literary,
How do you your knowledge grasp?
By books and Profs and English Tops
I hope at last my diploma to clasp.

Modest Miss Lottie sat in her classroom,
Trying her History of Art to read,
But so fast ran her words
That the teacher never heard
And the class called out "Less speed, less speed."

Hey diddle, diddle, a cat and a fiddle,
And a piano for Carol to play
Then we'll sing and we'll dance,
And play all kinds of pranks,
For her music has magic they say.

"Lizzie, where art thou going my Athlete maid?"
"To play basket ball, kind Sir," she said.
"May I go too?" he replied with elation,
"I'm sorry, kind Sir, but 'tis against regulation."

Agnes is a maiden fair
And she is wondrous wise.
She studies books of Latin and Greek
And many things besides.

Mon, Mon, the merchants run,
Joe Berta is coming to town.
Some give an ad, and some get mad,
And she has great renown!

From Syracuse University,
There came to us a lass,
Of whom we justly can feel proud,
Flora's a credit to any class.

Eva, Eva, had a fever
All kinds of good things for to cook.
Of such things as she made,

You never have heard.
And you never, no never,
Though you looked forever,
Could find one of them in a recipe book.

Poor, poor Nell, her privileges has lost,
And doesn't know how to regain them,
Leave them alone and back they will come,
And then be sure to retain them.

There was a young girl who played a piano
With a high gee, ho gee, humble
And Mattie Mae played in dexterous manner
With a bumble, bamble, bumble.

Blonza, Blonza, she lost much sleep,
Over these cuts and grinds.
She has found it at last,
But 'twas a terrible task,
To make all these jingles rhyme.

Present Senior Class as—

Freshman,	Irresponsible.
Sophomore,	Irrepressible.
Junior,	Irresistible.
Senior,	Irreproachable.



BULLETIN BOARD

Absences from class

Dr. Dodd !
Miss Abernethy !
Mr. Williams !
Mr. McNeill !

Members of
the Faculty
must attend
chapel

Senior seats will
be reserved for
members of Faculty
on night of
Mock-Faculty
Meeting.

Prof. Sally would
like to see himself
all members of
Education & more
safety after the
last term.

Notice
All proofs for an-
nual photographs,
not intended to be
returned to photographer
should be sent to
the office.

EXCUSES FILED FOR ABSENCES

Dr. Dodd - Forgot his key, therefore could not meet his classes

Miss Abernethy - Went to dressmaker's and didn't get back in time for
History of Art.

Mr. Williams - Spent the whole hour looking for history reference book in library.

Mr. McNeill - Got lost astray by chasing a butterfly, did not get back in time for Biology.



What Is True Happiness?

There were twelve serious philosophers
And surely 'tis no jest,
That they would all a hunting go
To find true Happiness.

A long, long time they searched about
To see what Paulsen thought
Then they too James did faithfully
read
To find just what he taught.

They next from Addams did select
A chapter long and dull
To learn what their own duty was,
And their duty to the world.

Seth they espied upon the shelf
A worthy Criticism
And in this chapter I perused
Which treats of Hedonism.

And after wading through and
through
These books of great renown,
They each and every one agreed,
That they their goal had found.

One cried that all true Happiness
Was found in meat and drink,
While the other said "My sister, nay,
That way I do not think."

One agreed that the only good
Must be in self-sacrifice,
But another clamored long and loud,
That this was only vice.

"Then surely Self-assertion is
The true and noble end."
But against this weighty argument
Many others did contend.

Then next came one so wondrous wise,
Whose theory did disclose
That we have realized the good,
When we have knowledge chose'.

Now which is right and which is
wrong,
Became the loud outcry
Surely we can't settle it
And then they heaved a sigh.

But soon another idea sifted
Right thru their dusty brain
Paulsen, Seth and Addams too
We guess they were insane.

And so these precious volumes
Into the fire we'll cast
And find our real true Happiness
Forgetting all that's past.

J O K E S

MISS A—To History of Art Class (explaining styles of furniture)—Now during Louis XV's reign everything was curved, but along came Louis XVI with perfectly straight legs and grooves down the sides.

MISS S—(complaining about one of Mr. Williams' lengthy assignments in Bible History)—Mr. Williams, that is too long an assignment; we can't do all that work. MR. W.—(severely)—Young lady, I will do unto you as Jeroboam did to the people of Israel who murmured against him. "My father whipped you with scourges but I will whip you with scorpions."

A German student fluently translating a passage—"And weeping she rose, pressed the table cloth into her eyes and passed from the room."

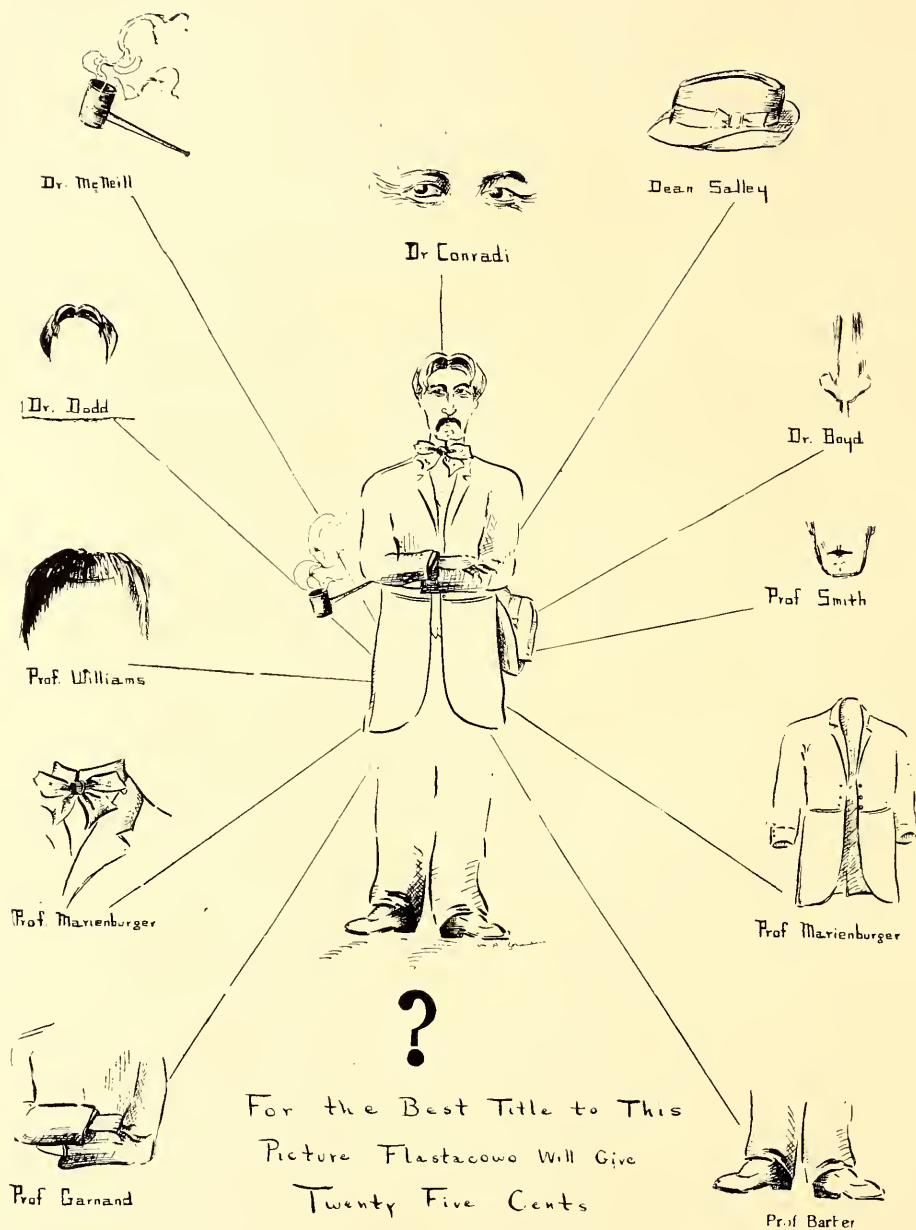
TEACHER IN ROOM 2—(drawing a very irregular, somewhat flattened circle)—Young ladies this is intended for a circle, but it has been "sat upon." Perhaps some of his pupils will testify that circles are not the only things that get "sat upon" in his class.

PROF. W.—(to History 111)—"Who are the Cabinet Officers? name them." Silence ——— "Those who do not know that, I consider dunces."

(Later when Mr. W. had become absorbed in something else) MISS C.—"Mr. Williams, who are the Cabinet Officers?" PROF. W.—"Why, I don't recall all of them just now."

PROF. M.—(to German student, correcting her translation)—Das ist gut—But that is not exactly to be perhaps translated that way.

MR. SALLEY—(to Philosophy 1)—"It is a pretty good idea to always keep in mind what you are thinking about."







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147.72.....	Overdrafts	
50,000.00.....	United States Bonds.....	
45,977.84.....	Bonds, Securities, etc.....	45,451.27
16,514.35.....	Banking House and Fixtures.....	11,350.00
119,967.89.....	Cash and due from Banks.....	55,625.26
\$513,718.67.....	Totals	\$447,572.07

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10,000.00.....	Surplus	10,000.00
1,173.51.....	Undivided Profits	9,306.09
50,000.00.....	Circulation	
402,545.16.....	Deposits	408,265.98
\$513,718.87.....	Totals	\$447,572.07

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